TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

It is often said that one meets pleasanter people traveling than at home. Truly, it is a wearisome journey which furnishes no pleasant companions and a dull and repulsive traveler who attracts no new friends, yet I think people are in error who imagine it is simply because they are away from home that they are able to make charming acquaintances. Those who are forced to stay at home often lament the narrowness of their circle and say if they could but travel and be free from home cares and the ties which bind them to the treadmill of routine, they could pick up plenty of friends and have a much jollier time. Their lament is well founded and the remedy which suggests itself has something in it, but the whole trouble is much wider than the one stated and the cure more general and easier of application than running to the other side of the world to get acquainted with one's neighbors.

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Last winter, when I was in Nassau, I called on a family wintering there, and met them for the first time, though they live right here in Toronto, on the same street and within one door of my own house. It was a long way to go to get acquainted, but conventionality had kept us apart and there had been no common impulse to make us meet, even though both families belong to the same religious denomination. They had lived longer in Toronto than we had and it would not be pretty for us to go out of the way to be neighborly. But in the Bahamas it was different. There was the common tie of health-seeking, loneliness in a far away land, the mutual love for this our dear old Toronto, the desire to hear something about home, indeed everything was likely to bring us together and the acquaintanceship to me at least, was pleasant. Now we are at home, we nod and say "howdy" as we pass and think no more about it. Old ties have resumed their hold and former friends are re-established in the places then vacated by distance.

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I have rambled some and made acquaintances enough thank God, to keep me from being bored to death by my own society, but I can't remember a half a dozen people who really entered into my heart and life as friends who did not grow into them in the old fashioned fireside way. I recall as I write, faces I shall never forget, rambles in foreign lands, chats in queer out-of-the-way places, episodes which nearly grew into something worthy of being called adventures, adieus when tears almost sanctified the farewell, but years are settling down with their hazy distance between now and then, and indistinct in the twilight of forgetfulness the faces and groups come back but fitfully and are not really any part of my cherishings. You may say that into our life come but few real friendships formed either at home or abroad. Aye, true, too true! But is not this foolish faith in a common itinerancy or social accident as the opportunity of forming a friendship to blame for much of the barrenness in which we live? We strive to gain a competency that life may be free from care and our old age made comfortable, but do we really try to surround ourselves with friends who shall make life pleasant and reduce our heart's anxiety and loneliness as much as possible? Yet we know, or should know, that while we may live in material plenty, seasons of mental and social starvation may come upon us. Nothing is more desolate than the family which, having amassed enough money to live in comfort, even luxury, finds no one to see them enjoy it or share in the good things which cease to be good when eaten in loneliness or bitterness of spirit. To such, travel as a means of picking up acquaintances is perhaps the easiest way, but they run the gauntlet of adventurers and are often the associates of those who are disreputable and are fugitives from their home record.

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If, when we are at home we were as unconventional as when abroad, we would make new acquaintances every day and many of them would seem at first quite as delightful as the ephemeral friends of a voyage or summer hotel. We are as anxious for companionship at home as when we are away we would find excuses to speak to or call upon people of whom now we do not think. If we felt we could shake off unsatisfactory home acquaintances as easily as we drop the fellow passenger at the wharf or depot we might have a very jolly time making experiments. The trouble is we can't do it. Even what we can do we leave undone. If we feel the need of new friends we can select from amongst the most desirable such as we believe will be congenial and improving companions. It is customary to rail at people who are anxious to enlarge and improve their circle of acquaintances. Nothing is less deserving of ridicule than such an effort. Of course all right thinking people hate tuft hunters and social parasites who seek to climb when they are only fit to sink, and show their unfitness for better things by aping the manners and hanging on to the skirts of those who are unworthy of imitation and have no claim to recognition except by reason of rank or social supremacy.

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If we ask ourselves how many of our friends—our homemade friendships—are the creatures of accident, and how many are the result of an effort to surround ourselves with proper people—people who will improve us mentally and morally by their conduct and conversation, I think we shall discover that instead of seeking these precious treasures we have been satisfied with whatever we chanced to pick up. I know of several bright people who I should like to have drop in to see me and fill my study of an evening with their brightness. I know they would knock up against me mentally, and the friction would evolve ideas and thereby benefit me. If I were away from home I'd manage the acquaintance somehow, but at home I hate to make advances and take chances of striking a prejudice or something which might make me feel uncomfortable. I suppose it is also true of others, but I imagine we are unduly finicky about such things. General Grant, I think it was, who confessed that before his first battle he was scared nearly to death, but he marched on the enemy who retreated in disorder. "I found," said he, "the other fellow was worse scared than I was, and always afterwards I presumed the same state of things to exist and was afraid no more." In selecting friends and making advances towards them—within reasonable lines of course—I reckon there is something in adopting the general's idea that the other fellow is quite as badly scared of making a move as we are.

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WAITING.

No one is more decidedly opposed to the aggression of the Roman Catholic Church in state matters than I am, but my opposition in this sort of thing extends much further. I don't believe in the Bible in public schools, not because I am opposed to the Bible but because there is a time and place for teaching of all sort. There are churches and preachers and teachers to teach the Bible, there are mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers to teach it, and the beauty of God's love and Christ's sacrifice must be taught by those who either love Him or love the child to whom it is taught.

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A remarkable and startling thing which suggested the above is set forth by Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his Over-the-Teacups series in the last *Atlantic Monthly*. He says, while endeavoring to portray the difference between the rigid orthodox teaching and the teaching of the same thing by a mother:

"I can imagine Jonathan Edwards in the nursery with his three-year-old child on his knee. The child looks up to his father and says to him, 'Papa, nurse tells me that you say God hates me worse than he hates one of those horrid, ugly snakes that crawl all round. Does God hate me so?'

"'Alas, my child, it is but too true; so long as you are out of Christ you are as a viper and worse than a viper in his sight.'

"By-and-by Mrs. Edwards, one of the loveliest of women and sweetest of mothers, comes into the nursery. The child is crying.

"'What is the matter, my darling?'

"'Papa has been telling me that God hates me worse than a snake.'

"Poor gentle, poetical, sensitive, spiritual, almost celestial Mrs. Jonathan Edwards! On one hand the terrible sentence as conceived, written down, given to the press by the child's father; on the other side the trusting child looking up at her, all of the mother pleading in her heart against the frightful dogma of her revered husband. Do you suppose she left that poison to rankle in the tender soul of her darling?"

We may be sure she somehow softened the effect of the father's teaching. We know that mothers always teach us our religion in a softened way. It was from my mother that I obtained my religion, my unalterable faith in God and His goodness, and yet I can recollect that around it were clustered many of those doctrines which to-day I cannot hold. Yet in her heart poor dear old mother believed, I feel sure, as I do, in God and His goodness rather than in God and His vengeance.

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In acknowledging the receipt of the donations sent to SATURDAY NIGHT in aid of the Fresh Air Fund, I have the following interesting letter from Mr. Kelso:

Editor of Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR,—In thanking you very cordially for $74.25 contributed by readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to the Children's Fresh Air Fund, a few words regarding the work carried on during the season just closed may be interesting. In seven weeks were 29 excursions given, the total number of children taken out being 7,785. Owing to the great kindness of the Toronto Ferry Company in carrying our excursions free of charge, there were twelve trips to Hanlan's Point and Center Island, and the company also loaned one of their boats for a number of lake trips. Eleven excursions took place to Lone Branch, while there were also trips to Lorne Park and Victoria Park. Over 12,000 lunches were distributed and about 600 gallons of milk. The latter was the generous gift of Clark Bros. of the Semi-Centennial Dairy. In arranging for the excursions the greatest care was taken to secure the right class of children. The tickets were distributed by mission workers having an intimate knowledge of the poorer localities of the city, and an effort was made to faithfully carry out the object of the fund in every particular. Many mothers were invited to the excursions, it being found that in many cases they derived as much benefit from the trips as the little ones. A feature of the work, which is very desirable, is the finding vacation homes for the children of the poor. The Fresh Air Fund sent 19 children to the Lakeside Home for an aggregate of 284 days and paid their entire expenses. We hope ere long to see hundreds of little ones enjoying a fortnight's holiday at Fresh Air homes, or better still, as the guests of the farmers and townspeople of the surrounding districts. The year's work was started with $297 in hand. This was increased by voluntary contributions to $1,058.13, and after deducting a total expenditure of $925.37, there remains on hand $132.76. The greatest economy was observed in the expenditure, from a deep sense of the fact that the money sent in belonged to the children, and that extravagance or undue liberality would be unjustifiable from every standpoint. To those who have shared in this good work by contributing to its support we, who have been more intimately associated with the movement can, confidently say that the investment was a good one. The amount of happiness that has been diffused, the tears that have been dried, and the drooping spirits that have been raised and cheered, is surely ample compensation for the comparatively small expenditure, and who can tell but that the happiness brought in moments of despondency may be as the ripple on the ocean, ever extending and increasing in its influence.

Very sincerely,

J. J. KELSO,

Hon. Sec.-Treas. Children's Fresh Air Fund.

TORONTO, Sept. 22, 1890.

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I noticed last week in the work of an American writer whose views are ordinarily as wise as they are well expressed, an assertion which it is to be hoped is incorrect. He was writing of the death of Robert Ray Hamilton, whose life was ruined by a bad woman. "Hamilton," he said, "had many of the instincts of a gentleman. The woman had none of the instincts of a lady. Like the vast majority of women in every walk of life, virtuous or otherwise, she preferred a man whom she could look down to, therefore she did not like Robert Ray Hamilton."

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Is it true that the vast majority of women prefer a man whom they can look down to? The first impulse is to reject any such theory as suggesting a degraded ideal. This we know is not true of the vast majority of women. They are more religious than men, have a nobler ideal of life, more reverence for the deity, and altogether a more devotional nature. If it were not for the character of the women of this century and of the centuries which preceded it, would not our ideals be much more degraded than they are? The churches would have been deserted long ago had it not been for those women who, like Mary, were last at His cross and first at His sepulchre. It is the mother who teaches the child to pray and fills the mind of youth with its purest ambitions. It is also the history of the majority of men in every walk of life that woman's influence has steadied and purified them, even though an occasional one has been led to ruin by a wicked woman.

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No doubt the writer whose words I have quoted is aware of all this, and is misunderstood because we give his expression too broad a meaning. We men are apt to take pleasure in looking up to women and singing the praises of their purity and beauty, yet I imagine we would find it very tiresome if we were forced to look up to them in every respect. Would not a man find it very monotonous and oppressive if his wife were his superior in business, in art, literature and knowledge of the world as well as in gentleness, purity and sympathy? A man with a wife of that sort would occupy a very small place in the household. Beyond attending to the furnace, cleaning off the snow, and acting as escort, his would be a very useless office. He would indeed be a man that a woman might look down to but certainly not the sort of a man who could excite a woman's affection or develop that fidelity which is said to characterize the attachment of a woman for an inferior specimen of mankind.

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It is quite possible that women feel very much the same with regard to men as we do towards women and desire to be the man's superior in some respects at least. I can imagine nothing more trying than a husband of that variety known as a Superior Person. Even in godliness and intense respectability he will not permit his wife to excel. I sympathize more or less with the Bohemian who said he liked people to be respectable, but he hated them to be too damned respectable. I can conceive a woman being irritated by such a man, and indeed it is an accepted theory that women are fond of men with a spice of wickedness in them. Wasn't it Thackeray who said that any woman likes a rake better than a milksop? I doubt not that women like to "look down" to men in some respects. It is notoriously true of the *demi-monde* that they select as consorts the worst possible men, probably in the hope that bad as they are, such men will be able to look up to them in some respects. I think it is more just to narrow the definition so misleadingly given above to the statement that women prefer men who can look up to them in purity, virtue and such respects as are necessary to acceptable womanhood. There is more than the mere philosophy of life in this mental attitude which makes it necessary for a woman to reign as queen over a man in her own kingdom. The motherly impulse is the strongest in a woman and when not exercised towards children it seeks to cover up and shield, to protect and forgive something in the man she loves best. If the man insists on being so utterly good as not to present an opportunity for the exercise of this beautiful quality, he doubtless proves exceedingly disappointing and unreal. I cannot conceive of anyone being quite perfect, but I know several men who imagine themselves to be so worshipful that their wives are expected to be in a state of continual adoration, virtuous and thoroughly good as they are. It would be absurd to suppose that men ever make a mistake by being really too good. The trouble is that they think themselves so near perfection as to become a nuisance not only in the family but in the community at large. Writing some time ago about the result of *misalliances* between men of good instincts and women who have been degraded, I pointed out the fact that in the effort to obtain social recognition the man is apt to be too censorious, too sensitive, too ostentatiously engaged in the act of helping her up. One can easily conceive how a woman under such circumstances, thoroughly hopeless, robbed of all dominion and queenship in her domestic and social sphere, becomes disgusted and finally decides that she would rather rule as an empress in hell than serve as a dethroned woman in heaven.

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The Birchall trial at Woodstock has been the chief item of newspaper interest this week. The cold-blooded atrocity of the crime, the wonderfully convincing chain of circumstantial evidence which has been welded together against Birchall, the coolness and self-possession of the accused, his romantic and dissolute career, the affection of his young wife and the social position of so many of those concerned have all tended to invest the tragedy and those connected with it with an unusual amount of interest. Newspapers have published alleged portraits of judge, jury, lawyers, detectives, the accused, his wife and sister-in-law and everybody else who has occupied a prominent place, and perhaps no Canadian murder trial since the Biddulph tragedy has occupied so large a share of public attention. Oddly enough, Justice MacMahon was counsel for the defence in that celebrated miscarriage of justice and now he is on the bench to decide the fate of Reginald Birchall. A clearer-minded, fairer man could not preside and the counsel on both sides have been chosen from among the cleverest at the bar. The evidence, so far elicited, forms a very strong case against the accused, so strong, indeed, that his conviction to many seems to be certain; yet I have frequently noticed that those cases which opened with so strong a presumption against the accused, are apt to be weakened. Indeed, it is seldom that those against whom appearances are so strong are convicted, and it is this thing only which leads me to imagine that Birchall's conviction is not certain.

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If he be guilty he is certainly a moral idiot—a man who has no regard for either God or man to hinder him from committing crime or reproach him with his guilt. If this be true in Birchall's case will any one urge it as a reason for judicial clemency? How is it then that insanity, which differs only from this absence of moral ballast in that it attacks the subject of it after one is born, while the latter is congenital, is held to be sufficient reason for the sparing of a man's life? As I have frequently argued in these

columns, the execution of criminals is for the safety of the public. A man who has a homicidal tendency, either congenital or acquired, should be removed by death from any further opportunity to kill his fellow man. His removal may have a deterrent effect upon others of similar tendencies and thereby be useful, but the chief aim is to get that sort of people out of the way. There were a great many who clamored for a reprieve for Harvey who murdered his wife and daughters, yet the world is better off without him, whether he was crazy or not. Will these same people who were more shocked by a legal execution than by a horrible murder exert themselves for the release of Birchall if he be condemned? I think not. Yet the one has as great a claim upon their sympathy as the other had.

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It is pleasant to read the speeches made by Sir John Macdonald and his Cabinet ministers during the past few weeks, inasmuch as they give courage to the Canadians who fear that the McKinley bill is likely to deprive some of our farmers of a portion of their profits. We all know that nobody will be embarrassed seriously, unless agitators, for a political purpose, magnify the harm which has been done to Canadian production in order to bring about such a change of government as will benefit them. The growing of two-rowed barley is solving the more important question and, as one of our newspapers has suggested, our hens will learn to lay longer-range eggs for the British market. In the absence of any superior hen intelligence of this sort it is certainly possible by using the same care in gathering the eggs as is used in gathering milk for the cheese factories to market the fruit of the Canadian hen in London before the egg is as old as it ordinarily is before reaching the market in Toronto. That our cheese has obtained so high a reputation in England that it is asked for at the clubs and brings a price superior to almost all other makes, has been due to the pains which have been taken in making it properly from fresh milk. The task of giving our eggs quite as high a reputation is a simple one and needs but the attention and honesty of the producer and shipper. As to horses and live stock of all sorts, the vast plains of Washington, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, will shortly, at any rate, produce sufficient to supply the American market. The superiority of our product alone has given it a standing sufficiently high in the American market to enable the importer to pay the duties. In superior grades of stock this will still hold true. Nor should we forget that those who pay this duty and who will be deprived of our exports must share the burden of high taxation, and will certainly not relax in their agitation for the removal of the impost.

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As has been most pertinently remarked by a Maritime Province journal, when notice of the abrogation of the old reciprocity treaty was served upon us in 1864 the Canadian people answered by forming themselves into a confederation—a union of the provinces for the purposes of trade and mutual protection, which has made Canada what it is to day,—I am in hopes that with this beneficial lesson taught us by the selfishness and hostility of the United States in the past, that we shall answer the McKinley bill of 1890 by such a confederation of the British colonies with the Motherland that our further progress shall be assured, our permanent safety established and our trade diverted into such channels and assisted by such tariff regulations as against foreign nations, that hereafter we shall not be concerned in the legislation of the American Congress lest the profits of our industry be reduced by an excess of anti-British demagoguery or Yankee greed.

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136 D'Arcy Street, Toronto,
September 22nd, 1890.

Mr Dear Mr. Dox,—I have a great deal of sympathy with you in your trying to point out the failings of our own times, and I often wonder how you came to get such a good stock of common sense, and such an excellent manner of applying that common sense just where it is needed. But of course even our most sensible people are not infallible, and I am afraid you have your failings. I don't at all mean to set myself up against you, for I feel my insignificance and lack of experience.

My object in writing to you is to correct you in a total error into which you have fallen, and to try to point out to you that some of the conclusions you reached are wrong. The reference is to McMaster University.

In one place you refer to its "village air," and in another you call it the "village university." The only thing that can be inferred is that you believe McMaster University is outside of Toronto. If you refer to the curriculum of last year you will find that it will open next month and that it is situated in Toronto, so the only "village air" or "meadow air" about it is what is bestowed upon it by the village houses and meadow lands of Toronto.

In regard to its use epinions may differ. A State university is most decidedly as good as any to fit a man for the professions, or to give him a good general education. I ask you whether you really believe that a man can prepare himself as well for the ministry at Toronto University as he can at a university specially endowed and organized for the purpose of giving him a special training in his work? Rochester University is a "one-horse" university as you call it, and no person who has met those graduating from there to prepare themselves for the theological work will say they made a sad mistake in not going to Yale or Harvard. Acadia University in New Brunswick is denominational (Baptist also), and how does it rank with the Provincial universities? I think you would be surprised if you made enquiries throughout the Maritime Provinces and the New England States.

The great preference in choice of work that our Toronto University can give is certainly not to be overlooked. But are you sure that its system is the best? That of McMaster University is not imitative of Toronto, but endeavors to develop a new, and many believe a better, system. I myself am an undergrad. of Toronto and there are very few fellow-undergrads that I have not heard express a desire for something different. And if a denomination is willing to support a university, and students willing to attend it, when they know that by its charter it is pledged to give its students an education at least as advanced and thorough as the Provincial University, why should such objections be raised to it?

I am sorry I have written so much, but I believe you deserved to be punished by reading all this for giving publication to such an error as that you made.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. B.

The above letter is cheerfully given a place, though I admit that it is based upon a wrong construction of what I wrote last week, and does not explain the inconsistency of Baptists who are opposed to religio-secular education demanding a university of their own. True, I referred to McMaster University as a "village affair." By this I meant that it was the result of the village idea, and it will always have a village air, no matter whether it is situated in Toronto or Coboconk. Its professors, good men though they may be, are, or have been, of narrow opportunities, limited attainments and sectarian bias. It so happens that all clever educationists are not Baptists, and while their selection of professors is limited by their communion, a state university can select from all who are eminent. No better example of this can be found than in the fact that an average preacher from one of the local Baptist churches has been added to the staff as one of the principal professors. I don't say it of the Baptist University alone, but of such institutions in general, that their students are recruited from the village and the farm and are cloistered by themselves away from the widening influences of the world; and by "world" I do not mean that wicked element which is classed with the "flesh and the devil," but the world which means a knowledge of letters and life, of the passions and ambitions of the people, the struggle for supremacy in things mental and in all those paths where men grow strong and able to cope with the tasks which must be theirs whether their energy is to be exerted in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any of the other professions. I regret to say that the output of McMaster University and of all kindred institutions, no matter whether it be Acadia or Rochester, is a crude and unpolished article. The friction is not there to brighten the nugget of ability. Where, my candid friend, can you find a more gawky outfit, a more egotistical *coterie* than a newly fledged class of preachers? I admit, and you must admit, that the brightest minds do not take to the church, but you might oppose me when I urge that this is not alone due to the paucity of the pay but to the uninviting ability of those who will be their colleagues—I mean by this the general tendency of mentally dull but emotionally fervid natures who believe themselves called to do God's work when they would be better employed at the plow. I know that Christ chose as his instruments the fishermen of Galilee, but they were inspired; while those of us who listen to some of the graduates of sectarian colleges do not need to argue with one another that this inspiration is not vouchsafed to some of the modern successors of the apostles. No doubt a great many good and bright young men are students at McMaster University and at similar colleges; they would be morally no worse if they were at the provincial university, and mentally they would receive a quickening such as will never come to the pious young men who come in to Toronto from the farms and schoolhouses and listen to the drones who occupy teaching positions. More than half of student life is in the surroundings. Perhaps you may be able to provide them with more pious influences in what I still persist in calling a "village university," but as to making them brighter men, more useful men, men who shall be able to take hold of the people, the provincial university discounts any such place. The religious side of life is not overlooked at the provincial university, and there might be a theological annex where Baptist doctrine could be instilled, but when you contend that in an institution with such a limited endowment better educational methods can be had than in the neighboring university with five or ten times the number of students and professors, you are talking absurdly. Of course, we look at it from different standpoints. You would probably prefer to see your theological students good Baptists than to see them have a vigorous mental equipment. I believe that if a man never heard a lecture on homiletics or a sermon of any kind and by means of reading the Bible became convinced that he should go out and work in God's vineyard he would preach a much better and more taking sermon than the thin-blooded and low-spirited theological student will ever preach. If you feel like quoting the fishermen of Galilee when I tell you your college is producing a lot of theological "farmers," I will call your attention to the fact that the fishermen of Galilee never went to college at all. If we are to have the farmer in the pulpit let him come direct from nature, with the sincerity and earnestness of his untainted life fresh as the dew upon him, and we will listen to him and like him no matter if he does stumble over grammar and get bogged in homiletics. But for heaven's sake don't spoil him by giving him six and a smattering of Greek in the few years that it takes to kill all the natural strength of a fervid soul!

Dox.

See particulars of our prize story competition on the editorial page (page 6). Do not be afraid to send in your contribution. If accompanied by your address an effort will be made to return you your manuscript, if rejected, though this is not promised.

Social and Personal.

Social functions have been very few this week, for the unwarranted chill of the weather has turned thoughts towards the wardrobe and the heavy hangings for windows and doors. Society is fact is donning its Autumnal garb, and trying to grow accustomed to the coming cold. Later on the friends will be welcomed more often, and the calls will all be paid. Those coming into town for the season will settle themselves into the gay life, and tea will be poured and pleasant chat tossed about in the afternoons. In the evening handsome gowns and jewels will add their beauty to bright faces. The gay winter life will again be lived in all its changeful aspects and with all the fascinating accompaniments of witching music, gracious smiles and fragile flowers.

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Sir Alexander Campbell entertained a number of friends at dinner on Friday night.

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Mrs. Cameron gave a dinner-party at her handsome residence on Carlton street last evening.

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Mrs. and Miss Dyckman of New York have returned to their home after a visit at Chestnut Park.

Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street has been in Woodstock during the past week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet have returned from their trip to New York and vicinity. We hear that Mrs. Vankoughnet will receive at 1 Washington avenue all this coming week.

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Mr. W. Muloch, Vice Chancellor of the University, will welcome a number of his friends to a dinner in honor of Sir Baden-Powell.

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Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, first known as Garth Grafton, is to be married to Mr. E. C. Cotes, of the Bengal Civil Service. She will leave Canada early in October and expects to reach Calcutta about December 1.

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Hon. Enoch Thompson, K.C.L. gave a dinner at the National Club on Monday night in honor of His Excellency the Spanish Consul General and Chevalier Frechette, Vice Consul for Quebec. The following gentlemen were invited to meet the distinguished visitors: Mr. Homer Dixon, K.N.L., Netherlands Consul General; Hon. J. B. Robinson, Ex-Governor of Ontario; Hon. Mr. Justice Falconbridge, Mr. W. Mulock M.P., Vice Chancellor Toronto University; Mr. Nordheimer, German Consul; Chevalier Gianelli, Italian Consul; His Honor Judge Macdougall, His Worship the Mayor, Hon. R. M. Wells, Q. C.; Mr. Charles Moss, Q. C.; Mr. James E. Smith, Mr. Frank Turner, C. E.; Mr. J. J. Foy, Q. C.; Mr. Fulton, Vice Consul of France; Mr. McMurray, Vice Consul Sweden; Mr. Kingsmill, Vice Consul Argentine Republic; Mr. F. Nichols, Vice Consul Liberia, Mr. Hirschfelder, Vice Consul United States; Mr. J. J. Withrow, President Industrial Exhibition and Capt. McMaster, Vice President; Dr. Burns, Dr. Ferguson, M. P.; Lieut. Col. Shaw, Hawaiian Vice Consul; Mr. C. W. Bunting and Mr. Musson, Brazilian Vice Consul.

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This dinner was the largest gathering of foreign consuls ever assembled in one place in Toronto. The growing importance of this city has induced several governments who were not represented until recently, to appoint consuls here. It is probable that the indirect result of the dinner will be the organization of the diplomatic crops as in other capitals with their Dean and officers. As one of the speakers said at the dinner, these officials represent large and powerful nations and should be an influence in the city, meeting frequently instead of as at present, scarcely knowing each other.

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Miss Wilkie, daughter of Mr. D. K. Wilkie, is home again after a six months' tour through England and the continent.

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Miss Lillie of Sherbourne street is home from Germany, where she has been pursuing her musical studies for the past three years.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson of Bloor street are in town again.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt are expected home next month.

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On Wednesday afternoon the Toronto Church School on Alexander street held its exercises for the distribution of prizes. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese was in the chair, and among those who occupied seats upon the platform were: Prof. Goldwin Smith, Prof. Clark of Trinity College, Provost Body, Rev. Mr. Roper, rector of St. Thomas, Rev. John Pearson of Holy Trinity, Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Rev. J. Langtry, Rev. Edward Softly, and Hon. G. W. Allan. In the audience I noticed Mrs. E. B. and Miss Osler, Mrs. J. W. Harrison, Mrs. James and Miss Smith, Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. John and Miss Massey, Mr. F. A. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Ince and Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald. The lucky winners of prizes were loudly applauded as they walked up to receive them from the hands of the Lord Bishop, who spoke a few kindly words to each embarrassed victor.

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His Excellency the Spanish Consul-General and Chevalier Frechette were the guests of Prof. Hirschfelder Wednesday evening at his handsome residence, Rosedale. Among the few invited to meet the distinguished visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, Miss Barry of Ottawa, Dr. Spillsbury, Mr. Molson, Mr. Walker.

*

A pretty wedding took place in St. Helen's church, last Tuesday morning, when Rev. Dean McCann performed the ceremony which united Dr. W. Harley Smith and Miss Belle Gianelli, daughter of the Italian consul. The bride, who wore an exceedingly pretty traveling toilette, was attended by Miss Marion Smith, sister of the bridegroom. Mr. C. Angelo Gianelli officiated as groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held at Villa Columbina, the bride's parental home. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left on the noon train for a wedding journey, and will, upon their return, make their home in Toronto.

*

Mrs. R. Moncrief-Mellville has returned to town after a delightful summering at Lindsay.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Stinson have taken up housekeeping on Spadina avenue, north of Bloor.

*

H. E. Clarke, M.P.P., and Mrs. Clarke have returned to town after a delightful three months' tour in England and the continental countries.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Pellatt of the Friars, Muswell Hill, London, Eng., are on a short visit to this country and stopping with his brother, Mr. Henry Pellatt of Sherbourne street.

*

Mr. Fred Leach of the Bank of Toronto sailed this week for England.

*

A social function of no mean note occurred the other evening at 50 Brunswick avenue when Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Browne gave a delightful card party, to the strains of sweet music, on the occasion of a birthday of the former. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Browne, Mrs. Fletcher of Streetsville, Mrs. Harvey of Port Hope, Mrs. Mousell of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Hellywell, Miss Inmann, Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, Mrs. Savigny, Miss Dawson, Dr. Dawson, Mr. Brayley, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stinson.

*

Miss Emily Odell of Sherbrooke, Que., is the guest of Mrs. A. D. Eastmure.

*

Mrs. Hay of Isabella street has returned from the seaside.

*

Lieut. R. C. Morris, R. A., sailed by the Circassian from Quebec on September 18 for Woolwich.

*

The National Club proposes to hold a number of social re-unions during the coming winter at which papers upon national subjects will be read by eminent Canadians. The first of these conversaziones will be held at the club house on October 13, at which Rev. Principal Grant will read a paper on Our National Position and Aims. Later, Dr. A. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., will give a paper on Responsible Government in Canada; An Historical Study.

*

Mr. M. Matthews, R.C.A., is holding an exhibition of his pictures at Roberts & Son's gallery this week.

*

It has been suggested that it might add to the pleasure of those studying the French language if a socially pleasant club were formed, to meet weekly or semi-weekly, for conversation and mutual improvement. In order that an idea may be obtained of the advisability of forming such a club those who are willing to become members should send in their names and addresses to Mr. F. E. Galbraith, 9 Toronto street.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Last week Mrs. J. C. Morgan gave a small party for young people, a very enjoyable time was spent by all.

On Wednesday evening last week the Misses Mason of Harr Hall had an exceedingly pleasant impromptu dance for a few friends.

A delightful progressive euchre party was given on Thursday evening, September 18, by Miss Reiner. Those present were: Miss Campbell, Mr. W. A. Boys, the Misses B. and T. Mason, Mr. George Esten, Miss Cotter, Mr. T. and Miss Boys, Mr. L. and Miss McCarthy, Dr. W. A. Ross, Miss Stewart, Mr. C. and the Misses Bird, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. C. Crease, and Mr. George Fraser.

Mrs. John Ardagh of Blythe Cottage gave an At Home last Saturday. Quite a number were invited and spent the few hours allotted for this little event in a very pleasant manner.

Judge Ardagh of Winnipeg was in town for a few days this week.

Miss Strathy of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. John Strathy of Ovenden.

Mrs. L. Beatty has returned home after a pleasant trip to Cobourg and Toronto.

Mr. J. Pepler of Toronto and Miss Pepler of England are the guests of Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler.

Miss K. Macdonald of Cobourg has been visiting Mrs. J. C. Morgan.

Miss G. Watson of Hamilton is on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. H. H. Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mockridge of Gananoque are spending a short time with relatives in town.

Mr. J. Chewett of Toronto was in town last week.

Mrs. Ault of Aultsville is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wellington Ault of Toronto street.

Oculaire.

HALIBURTON.

Haliburton, was on Monday, September 22, the scene of a very pretty wedding when Agnes the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stewart of Newnham was wedded to Mr. R. E. Southby, second son of the Rev. R. W. Southby of Clifton, England. The ceremony took place in the drawing-room at 6 p.m., the Rev. Mr. Farncomb officiating. The bride was most becomingly attired in a tailor-made traveling costume of light grey trimmed with brown braid, hat, gloves and veil to match. Miss Constance and Miss Arabella Stewart, bridesmaids, sisters of the bride, were attired, the one in fawn and white roses and the other in white cashmere, trimmed with white silk and white roses. Mr. Frank Southby of England, brother of the bridegroom was best man, assisted by Mr. E. N. May of Haliburton. Presents both handsome and costly were bestowed upon both bride and bridegroom thus testifying the high position they hold in the esteem of their friends. After the wedding the company sat down to a sumptuous repast, which was pleasantly intermingled with toasts and speeches. All the breakfast party followed in carriages to Newnham station. In the evening a ball was given in the Newnham theater. The bride and bridegroom leave on their wedding tour to England by the City of Chester from New York.

Coming Theatricals.

Mr. Richard Golden, the comedian, appears at the Grand Opera House next Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, October 2, 3 and 4, as Old Jed Prouty. He is the creator of the part, and it has not been an inspiration with him by any means. In his boyhood he knew the quaint inn-keeper of Buckaport, Maine. Like everyone else at Bonifacio, the author of the popular story, with the aid of William Gill, an experienced writer for the stage, wrote a drama, in which Jed Prouty first Golden as does a hand in a perfectly made kid glove. Their play deals with phases of real American life, many of which have passed, or are rapidly passing away. In the support will be, Miss Dora Wiley, the sweet singer of Maine, who impersonates herself as the plot of the play relates.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week—matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—will be presented Frank Harvey's beautiful and touching drama, The World Against Her. Mr. Harvey is well known as the author of The Wages of Sin, and Woman Against Woman. Agnes Villa takes the leading part, of whom the New York *Sun* said: "Agnes Villa's pathetic talent is taxed to the utmost in the representation of Madge Carlton, a wrongly suspected and cruelly divorced wife, but she is equal to the occasion, and, moreover, endows the character with a noble forbearance and loving simplicity that completely captures the hearts of the audience."

ED. BEETON
25 Leader Lane
HIGH-GRADE WATCH SPECIALIST

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Felice Paris
NOTICE—Our Millinery and Dressmaking Departments are open for the season, and are well stocked with all the latest novelties from New York and Paris. Special lines in Swede and Glace Gloves just received. Dresses and Mantles made on the shortest notice. WM. STITT & CO., 11 and 13 King Street East.

TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS
Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Dressing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season tickets $1. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
MOST PALATIAL S.S. LINE.
Fast route to London, Southampton, Havre, Bremen and all the continental points.
Winter Rates Now in Force.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
72 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS OF CIGARS
MUNGO - - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.
THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.
NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 King Street West
Is now showing a new and choice assortment of
Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces
Veilings, etc.
Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

PROF. J. F. DAVIS' ACADEMY
FOR
DANCING
Deportment and Calisthenics
102 Wilton Avenue, cor. Huntar St.
(Established 1859—32nd year.)
Classes for Juveniles (beginner and advanced) now forming. New academy the most complete in the city. New dances—"Waltz Minuet," "A' I' Avenir," "Redowa Schottische," "Zig-Zag," and "Deer Park Lancers," taught all over America. *$500 to any other teacher in Toronto that can teach them to you.* There are no new English dances. See circular for terms, &c.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Her Inspiration.

"What do they pay for your poems, Elsa?"
"I don't write for pay, dear."
"What do you write for? Revenge?"—*Illustrated American.*

The Truth, Nevertheless.

"Theoretically that is a typographical error. In reality it is not."
"Which?"
"This one which makes an item say that 'several well-known society women have returned to gown,' instead of 'to town.'"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Boudoir Gossip.

An American paper devotes a column to a discussion of the puffed cap. You all know it. It is as common as tan shoes were, and with all my breath I declare that the puffed cap is a fraud! First and foremost, it does not stay in position. It seldom fits well, and the paste-board peak comes down over one's nose, just when the eyes are needed for some specially interesting bit of scenery. Men may talk, and guess, and think of the beauty of that puffed head-gear, but I suffered from it, and speak feelingly.

The article goes on to say that never did any style of cap become so universally worn, and, furthermore, that it has outgrown its primitive use, and is worn now for the street by the girls who go from home in the early morning to the hard toil which comes to those whose hours are long and whose pay is scant.

It has been a matter of much speculation to me as to where the people go on Sundays. Last Sunday I found them, and where but out in Rosedale. They walked and drove in crowds, and either meandered along the pretty avenues or struck boldly out up hills and through dells for a sniff of pure air and the unwonted sight of the late flowers and rusting leaves. The variety of a walk into the country was well exemplified on Sunday last. A pastoral poet would have found ample subject-matter for his descriptive verse, with any amount of cattle, sheep, ducks, pigs and geese.

There were the usual number of men with their sweethearts, gotten up in Sunday gowns and new shoes—which two details of toilette will spoil any walk—a generous sprinkling of the fond papa with his young hopefuls, and a very few examples of Darby and Joan.

One old man in particular claimed my attention. He was a bent little Englishman, with ruddy cheeks and white wind-tossed hair. In one hand he carried a stout stick, and the other held a few bits of straggly sweet clover.

It was not very beautiful in itself, the little feathery blossom, but I know that the kindly old eyes saw happy past days as they viewed it, and voices and faces came to him as he inhaled its delicate perfume.

Among other things which I viewed with interest was the reservoir, which was filled with men, barrows and mud. The contemplation of the scene was not conducive to thirst. In fact I had an almost positive assurance that I should never be thirsty again.

Margaret Mather's Juliet gowns are the simplest, most correct, and most artistically beautiful ones I have seen on the stage for some time. There are only four, but they suit the actress, as well as the unconventional heroine of the love story.

In the first act the white satin is of the shimmery kind that lies about in little billows and forgets to be dignified. The long sleeves end in a point which rests almost upon the knuckles. The front is an unfitted panel of spangled satin, and a similar fashioning falls from neck to hem at the back. Then there are thickly-laid plaits at the sides, over which the sparkling panels are held with a girdle, which may be suppose to be a gold one set with rubies.

Another pretty gown is of pale yellow soft silk with a jacket almost zouave in shape, of rich brown brocade with yellow threads woven through it. The odd little cap is of the brocade and looks well indeed on Juliet's fair hair.

A *negligé* dress is of white woolen goods and its folds are confined with a heavy cord girdle. The wedding-gown, in which the young girl is dressed for her burial, hangs in artistically draped breadths heavy with silver embroidery, its shimmer and gleam seeming strangely out of place in the dimly-lighted tomb.

Dame Fashion says: That gray will be a favorite shade this winter, and for novelty's sake she will allow it to be combined with yellow trimmings or gold braid.

That torquoise and jet is a fashionable combination, and many of the small winter bonnets will be glittering revelations of jet subdued by good imitations of the little blue stones.

That woolen muslins are rushing into popular favor, and the young and slender summer girl, who looks so innocently pretty in the sheer, clinging summer fabric, will revel in the possibilities of doing it all over again this winter in woolen goods.

That long watch chains will probably be worn soon.

That perfumes, to be fashionable, must be of the odors of white flowers. It matters little whether lilac, clover, roses or violets be used, so that they are white.

A young American beauty with chestnut brown hair has all her hats made to match her pretty locks. They may be of almost any material, and are trimmed in various ways, but the leading shade is a rich chestnut-brown.

Coming down town this morning I saw an exhibition of temper which I cannot rid my mind of. A woman and a man were standing on a quiet street talking. Their voices were raised, and, in passing near them, I saw how angry the two faces looked. Suddenly the woman put out her hand. He drew away from it, and swinging himself about, hurried off in an opposite direction. She paused for a moment, stepped after him, then turned and walked slowly on. I fancy they were husband and wife. She was going back home, her husband down town to his business, and it will be night perhaps before she sees him again. The day was tangled at the beginning, and knotted threads will be woven all day long. She will perhaps chide herself or, maybe, selfishly accuse him. Sorrow will weigh down even mirth. Fear and hope will struggle for mastery until the eventide, for

"So many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken, for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right."

CLIP CAREW.

What He Wanted To Do.

Jolliboy—I wish I had $100,000.
Mrs. Jolliboy—Why, what would you do?
Jolliboy—Nothing.

Helen of Kirkconnell Lea.

For Saturday Night.

The year was in its prime, for May
Was treading on the heels of June,
Bright was the gladsome summer day,
And Kirtle's braes were all in tune,
As I with pilgrim footsteps strayed
By hazel brake and ivied tree,
To where beneath the hawthorn shade,
Sleeps Helen of Kirkconnell Lea.

Ah, then what memories gathered round
The moss grown thrush above her head!
For all around was hallowed ground,
And all beneath—the sacred dead.

I saw again the lovers stand
And plight their troth with many a sigh,
I saw the murderer's trembling hand,
I heard the shot—I saw her die;

I saw a woman die to save
The life of him she loved so well,
I swear such love can scorn the grave,
And triumph over death and hell.

They sleep together side by side,
And rippling Kirtle flows along
Thro' these rapt dales the muses' pride
The glory land of Scotland's song.

The golden age of song was found
On Mincio's banks in Cæsar's reign,
And here since then the Mantuan sound,
Has woke the echoes o'er again.

A laurelled and immortal band
Of singers, sing their songs in turns,
Led by the master's magic wand
The Meistersinger—Robert Burns.

And here, together side by side
They lie beneath a hawthorn tree
The man for whom a woman died
"Fair Helen of Kirkconnell Lea."

GEORGE MOFFAT.

See particulars of our prize story competition on the editorial page (page 6). Do not be afraid to send in your contribution. If accompanied by your address an effort will be made to return you your manuscript, if rejected, though this is not promised.

A Man of Enterprise.

"Want to buy a wheelbarrow, madam?" demanded the aggressive-looking man at the front door of a dwelling house near Jackson Park the other day.

"What in the world do I want with a wheelbarrow?" said the astonished woman of the house.

"Sold twenty-seven in this neighborhood since yesterday morning," he retorted, "and most of them to people who are among the very best in this part of Chicago."

"I don't see why——"

"Pardon me. You are aware that the World's Columbian Exposition is to be held within half a mile of this house?"

"Yes, but what has that——"

"Pardon me again. You have relatives who will visit you during the Exposition. Very good. All of us have. Each of these relatives, or the great majority of them, will bring a trunk. The ordinary charge of an expressman for taking a trunk to or from a railway station is twenty five cents. Owing to the great increase in business that year, or to the probable formation of an expressman's trust, the charge will be fifty cents. The Exposition will last six months. You will have an average of one relative with a trunk for every week during all that time, and of course you will have to pay for taking that trunk to and from your house. The relative will protest mildly against your looking after the trunk, but you'll do it. You'll pay one dollar for drayage on every trunk that comes to your house and goes away from it while the exposition lasts. That will bring you expenses for that one item alone up to $26. Now mark. The wheelbarrows I am selling will only cost $1.50 each. They are strong, serviceable, light and just the thing for knocking out an extortionate expressman's trust. All you have to do is to pay a boy ten cents for wheeling the trunk. Cost of wheelbarrow, $1.50. Expense for boy, twenty-six weeks, $2.60. Total, $3.10. Saving effected by adoption of wheelbarrow plan, $21.90—enough to buy a good hard coal stove. I'm selling by sample, madam, you understand, I take your order now and deliver in the spring of 1893. Expect to sell 10,000 of them before that time. James, bring that wheelbarrow inside the gate so the lady can see it.

"He needn't do it," said the lady. "I don't want it."

"I assure you madam, $1.50 is the very lowest figure at which you can buy the kind of wheelbarrow I am selling, and if I didn't get it at a big discount from manufacturers' prices on account of the quantity I expect to order I could not——"

"I don't want it, sir."

"Possibly you see no necessity of paying a boy ten cents for each trip. There are boys, I admit, who will do it for five, if promised a regular job. Or you may have a boy of your own. In that case you save the entire ten cents. Total saving effected by the wheelbarrow plan——"

"I have several boys, sir. I also have a husband——"

"Ah!"

"Who is in the expressing business himself. Owns three or four wagons. Expects to make a good thing hauling trunks in 1893."

"You ought to have told me this when I began, madam," said the man as he backed down the steps. "I have wasted enough sound argument and good English on you to have sold three or four of these machines to any ordinary customer. James, come along with that wheel-barrow over to the next house. Step lively, now, comfound you!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

PALMS PALMS

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine health plants from $1.00 up. Palms two feet high for $2.50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street.

Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

Artistic Millinery

THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King St. West

(1st Floor—opp. Mail Office)

We are now showing a full assortment of Autumn and Winter novelties. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

FINE STATIONERY

Isn't it rather a queer idea for a first-class jewelry house to carry a line of stationery you ask? If by "queer idea" you mean a "new idea," we say YES so far as Canada is concerned. WE have, we believe, the credit of being the pioneers of the movement.

So far as AMERICA is concerned, however, it is by no means a new idea, but quite an old one; in fact it is the exception to find a live, first-class jeweler on the other side who doesn't keep it. Amongst the prominent houses making a specialty of it you find

Tiffany & Co. ..... New York
Black, Starr & Frost ..... New York
Bailey, Banks & Biddle ..... Philadelphia
Shrieve & Low ..... Boston
Jaccard Jewelry Co. ..... St. Louis
Gault Bros. ..... Washington
Wright, Kay & Co. ..... Detroit
M. H. Smith & Co. ..... Detroit

and hosts of others whose names we could give you. To this list we are adding the name of Ryrie Bros., Toronto.

In doing so, however, we confine ourselves to the FINEST LINES ONLY, because we have neither the room nor inclination to carry the cheaper lines. You can get THEM anywhere. We show you qualities you can get NOWHERE in the city, ranging in price from 15c. to 40c. per quire. This department also includes the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Reception, Dinner and Calling Cards, Monograms and Crests in the most artistic styles.

See our samples and get estimates.

RYRIE BROS.

JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

LADIES, BE SURE AND SEE THE display of

DRESS PLAITINGS

This week in the window at 427 Yonge Street

MISS STACKHOUSE

MISS SULLIVAN

Late of W. A. Murray & Co.

Artistic Dressmaking

76 COLLEGE STREET

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY. PRICE 25¢ ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

ARE DIAMONDS VALUABLE?

WE ANSWER YES!

And furthermore offer positive proof to that effect. Remember, reader, if you buy diamonds from us you can get within

15 PER CENT. IN CASH

any time you wish to surrender them within a year. Every stone sold by us has a

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ONE PRICE JEWELRY STORE

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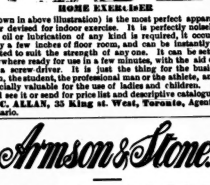
THE NARRAGANSET



HOME EXERCISER

(shown in above illustration) is the most perfect apparatus ever devised for indoor exercise. It is perfectly noiseless, no oil or lubrication of any kind is required, it occupies only a few inches of floor room, and can be instantly adjusted to suit the strength of any one. It can be set up anywhere ready for use in a few minutes, with the aid only of a screw-driver. It is just the thing for the business man, the student, the professional man or the athlete, and is specially valuable for the use of ladies and children. Call and see it or send for price list and descriptive catalogue to F. C. ALLAN, 35 King st. West, Toronto, Agent for Ontario.

Armson & Stone.

SCARCE GOODS

Just received, a full range of Black Ribbon Velvets in several qualities and in all widths.

New Fall Goods in every department in a few days.

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CURLINE

DORENWEND'S

new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.

Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties

Price 50 Cents

All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from

A. DORENWEND

THE MANUFACTURER

Paris Hair Works,

103 and 105 Yonge Street

DANCING SELF TAUGHT

New Edition of Latest Dances and Ball Room Etiquette. Endorsed by leading authorities. Full instructions and highly illustrated. Has all the new and fashionable dances and Parisian Successes, which will be the craze during the coming season. No person in society should be without it. Free with our elegant 31 page, 3 mos., 25c.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 YONGE STREET

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FINE FURS

We have now a complete stock of Fur Goods for the coming Winter's trade.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

Made upon all Furs purchased or ordered during August and September

SEALSKIN GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

Fur Lined Circulars

And all the Latest Novelties in

Seal, Beaver, Persian and Astrachan Fur Capes and Muffs of all kinds

FANCY FUR RUGS

Sole Agents for Edward Miller's New York Hats—Styles Correct. Battersbys & Woodson London Hats. We take the lead. "Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue—just issued."

JAMES HARRIS & Co.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Great Success Over the Yankees

The following is the exact copy of a letter of congratulation in reference to the *Great Hair-dressing Competition*, which took place in New York September 10, 1890, and in which *Mme. J. T. Armand*, the Fashionable Hairdresser, Hair and Perfume Dealer, 407 Yonge Street, Toronto, for which he exhibited two styles. The letter is as follows:

STEIN & HYMAN

IMPORTERS OF

Human Hair and Hair Dressers' Materials

68 E. 12th St., bet. Broadway and 5th Ave.

Mr. T. Armand, Toronto: New York, Sept. 13, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—Allow us to offer our sincere congratulations on your success in taking the prize in the Hair-dressing Competition. We ourselves are fully convinced that the *Laurel wreath of Master* belongs to you, no matter what the decision of judges might be and no matter how the medals are disposed of.

Yours truly,
STEIN & HYMAN.

MISS BURNETT

French Millinery

Dress AND Mantle Making

117 Yonge Street

(EAST SIDE)

TORONTO

MEXICAN ART POTTERY

The pottery made at GUADALAJARA is more widely known than any other of Mexican manufacture. It is made of a peculiar kind of clay not found in any other part of the country, and water kept in it cools by the evaporation from the surface of that which passes through the sides of the vessel—an item of importance where ice cannot be had. From this circumstance the natives refer to it as la lona fria de Guadalajara—"the cold pottery of Guadalajara." The people who make it are true descendants of the Aztecs, and may really be called a race of potters. This pottery is soft baked, without glaze, but highly polished. The colors are gray, red and black, elaborately decorated in silver, gold and bright colors. I have just opened an assortment of this ware in Bottles, Cups, Plates, Mugs, &c.

Another package of BELLEEK to hand.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM JUNOR

Telephone 2177

109 King St. West - - Toronto, Ont.

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SEE OUR ASSORTMENT

Lubin's, Atkinson's
Colgate's, Rickseecker's
Lundborg's, Gosnell's
Piver's, Rimmel's

And other noted makers, in ONE, TWO and FOUR ounce bottles. We have also the LEADING ODORS in bulk, which we sell at FIFTY CENTS an ounce.

NOTE—These goods can be diluted to make a cheaper article, but we prefer to supply our customers with a good perfume and let them do their own diluting if they wish.

J. A. McARTHUR

DRUGGIST

230 Yonge Street - opp. Shuter Street

WE USE THE BEST TEAS FROM

CHINA, JAPAN AND INDIA

To make our famous

OOLONG AND ASSAM BLENDS

Which produce as fine a cup of tea as the most fastidious tea-drinker could wish. Our customers use these blends year in and year out. That is a proof of their good qualities.

The Geo. W. Shaver Co., Ltd.

244 Yonge St. 'Phone 1850

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For Manufacturing New Designs in

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H. S. MORISON & CO.

216 and 218 Yonge Street

ARE SHOWING IN

MANTLES

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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

A NE'ER-DO-WEEL

It was four o'clock on a June afternoon, and every one in Badwiesen was free to sit down and enjoy the band and the shade of the Kurgarten trees—as good citizens who had been up at six and dined at half-past twelve could do with clear consciences. It was Wednesday too; so the men, amongst whom were many old generals and colonels, had become absorbed in the military papers which were published on that day; while the women had their knitting or their more fashionable tatting, and sat chatting, wrapped in Scotch plaid shawls of astounding brilliancy. Some had their girls beside them—demure pink-cheeked smaller copies of themselves; but most of the young people walked up and down the gravelled space in front of the chairs and the trees to the tune of the artillery band, which was playing a swinging waltz in a pavilion like a great blue umbrella. It was almost as good as waltzing, the girls thought, to walk up and down in the sunshine after the work of the day was over—especially if one was joined by one's favorite lieutenant.

Under the tulip-tree on this especial afternoon Fraulein von Mahlstock was giving a birthday feast to some of the best people of the place—all ladies, of course; for afternoon coffee in Badwiesen was not like afternoon tea anywhere else, and no gentleman would be welcome at it even if he had the hardihood to present himself. As it was, though the feast took place in full view of all the town, none appeared to take any notice of Fraulein von Mahlstock and her guests, who sat at a round table covered with coffee cups and plates of cakes, all talking at once. The hostess was a charming little cosmopolitan lady whom everybody liked, so universal were her sympathies, so ready was her help, so genial her manner. Just at present she was crazy about painting, and spent half her time in an atmosphere of turpentine in an artist's studio, rushing off every now and then for a day's sketching in the woods, arrayed in a wonderful painting plaid, fore and surrounded by an enthusiastic court of artistic girls eager to depict the tumble-down Castle of Badwiesen.

This day was one of Fraulein von Mahlstock's numerous birthdays—she had one whenever an excuse was necessary for some little extra indulgence in coffee and confectionery—and, as she never seemed to grow any older, no one ever found fault with their frequent recurrence, which resulted in much innocent merriment. Round her were all the girls from the studio, her present bevy of satellites, two Russian ladies whom she had known in Rome the winter before, and an English girl called Amy Forrester, who lived in the same house with her and whose acquaintance she had speedily made upon the staircase which connected their respective rooms. The Fraulein had a wonderful knack of making acquaintances in railway carriages, on steamers, on the staircases of hotels or the backs of donkeys; but somehow she had also a strongly-developed faculty of discrimination, and the people she picked up by chance were nearly always the right people to confide something to the general weal, and of whom one did not long to be rid after half an hour's conversation.

Amy Forrester was not like the usual run of English girls with whom Badwiesen was well acquainted. She had little in common with the buxom schoolgirl, or the independent artist class of unattached spinsters who strode about with portfolios or music-cases. She was a girl who knew nobody, who had brought no introductions, who did not seek to get into any particular set, but was in constant attendance from morning till night on her invalid brother—on whose account the Forresters had come to the healing waters of Badwiesen.

Nobody had particularly noticed the tall, slim girl dressed in black who went about her shopping in the early morning when everybody else was due at the springs; she seldom appeared in the Kurgarten during the band playing, though sometimes, as the crowds dispersed from this center of attraction, some one might remark the bath-chair with the querulous lame brother and the tall, graceful sister coming slowly homewards from some long country walk by the back paths of the flowering meadows. But, since Fraulein von Mahlstock had made friends with the girl, and had brought her—on rare occasions, when she would have leave for her brother—to hear the four o'clock concert, people had begun to find out that there was something unusual about her—that she had beautiful yellow hair, gray eyes, and arched eyebrows, a pure white complexion which flushed a lovely carnation tint when anything moved her to speak warmly, and that her cheeks had some most charming dimples when she smiled.

Then had been very little smiling in her life at Badwiesen until the Fraulein's kindly friendship had formed a link between the Forresters and the outer world.

Captain Forrester, the hero of his orphan sister, had come home from India a perfect wreck, the victim of climate, reckless living, and a neglected wound not so dangerous as scar, as poor Amy had at first fondly believed, but the result of a foolish quarrel and absurd duel with a brother-officer, in which the latter ended in Forrester's resigning his commission in disgust—"The very best thing he could in the circumstances," said every one who knew anything about them; for Forrester had been a dissatisfied broken down man. Instead of the happy home life to which Amy had been looking forward ever since she could remember, there then began that hopeless wandering about the Continent in search of health which so many look back upon with desolate heart-aching.

By the time they had reached Badwiesen George Forrester was a helpless cripple, and was quickly adding hopelessness to his many other undesirable characteristics. His selfishness and Amy's thraldom increased as the conviction was forced upon him that he would never again be able to dispense with the wheeled chair in which his old soldier-servant had dragged him to and fro at most of the health resorts of Germany. And so it came about that his sister's life was narrowed down to the bare ministering to his real and fancied requirements, until Fraulein von Mahlstock's friendship had intervened in spite of the austerity with which Captain Forrester contrived to hedge himself about on arriving at a new place. If the Fraulein had the misfortune to upset all her sketching materials with a clatter outside the Forresters' entry just as her brother and sister were coming forth for their afternoon walk—he in the wheeled chair, she with books and shawls and paraphernalia for his comfort—what was to be done but for the procession to delay a little while Amy went to the rescue of the little lady artist? Of course Fraulein von Mahlstock had encumbered herself with half a dozen more things than she could conveniently carry—a large bunch of flowering lilac, a cake for supper, books from the library, as well as the paint box and portfolio and folding easel which strewed the stairs. Even the taciturn Captain laughed at her futile attempts to get her belongings together; and Amy, who had a crase for helping people, had run two or three times up to the little lady's own landing with her various effects before she recollected that George had a horror of strangers, and had expressed a wish on their first arrival in Badwiesen that she should make no acquaintances. But there was George, as she came slowly down stairs from her last trip to the top of the house, talking quite cheerfully to the Fraulein in the smudgy pinafore, and smelling the lilac blossoms which were the last of her scattered properties!

"A nice well-bred little woman!" he said graciously, when the chair was at last started. "I shouldn't mind knowing her. I don't think she would bore me"—a grand tribute to Fraulein von Mahlstock's wonderful tact, which could turn even such an incident as this to account in propitiating a querulous nervous invalid.

After that the lodgers on the ground floor and the little lady at the top of the house became friends—a curious one sided friendship; for it was always the Fraulein who offered the kiss, while Amy Forrester, with a frightened side glance at her brother, timidly held her cheek to receive it. It was not a mere gushing acquaintance. The German lady saw quickly enough the manner of man she had to deal with, and played her cards accordingly; and her timely offer on dull afternoons to play cribbage with the captain gave Amy a taste of hitherto unknown freedom. The Fraulein's books and sketches were at their disposal; and sometimes her descriptions of people and adventures, given in her sternly-grammatical and externally-pronounced English, would keep them laughing as they had never laughed in all their wanderings. On rare occasions she would supplement his half-grudging assent by vigorous action, and whirl Amy off to see a little Badwiesen life in the Kurgarten, leaving the invalid to console himself with the English newspapers which she had dexterously kept out of his reach all day until he was left to his own resources.

On account of her present birthday feast—a well-organized one, which she had planned for some days previously—she had obtained Amy's release from the invalid chair for some hours—Captain Forrester had business letters to write, and did not "want the girl fussing about all the afternoon." So his sister was graciously permitted to be off duty till supper time. She had changed her usual sombre garb too in honor of the holiday and her friend's love of finery, and wore a white dress, in which she looked charming, though, to be sure, it could not compare in "smartness" with the blue-and-pink ribbons of the other girls, the coronal of parti-colored roses on Fraulein von Mahlstock's bonnet, or the confections of lace and feathers, frills and puffings, which made the two Russian ladies look as if they had stepped out of the last number of *Le Follet*. The sentimental young cavalry officer recently arrived from Dresden, who had lately taken to riding past the Forresters' window at a certain hour every morning, declared to his bosom friend, who was treating him to Slavonian wine two tables away from the coffee party, that the English lady was "a nymph—a goddess—a very fine creature!" And, having reached this climax, he drew a vocabulary from his pocket, and became absorbed in an imaginary conversation containing such useful sentences as "Let these boots be soled and heeled," "Bring me two or three silk pocket handkerchiefs," in order to be ready for any opportunity that might present itself for making the strange lady's acquaintance.

The coffee party went on merrily—all talking at once in that mixed music which is so cheering to the ears of the exiled dinner; even the Russian ladies, who at the beginning of the afternoon threatened to be difficile in amalgamating with the Germans, had grown quite lively, and were stamping their feet on the gravel in an animated description of a *bal masque* at Monteux.

Amy Forrester was sitting by, amused and more light-hearted than she had felt for years, listening to the babel of conversation and anecdote in which sometimes she could not follow, though she was rather shy of speaking herself. Her hands were idly crossed in her lap; she had pushed her chair a little way from the table—for her appetite for sugar cakes had been easily appeased—and she was basking in the sunshine, though her face was shaded by a side brimmed straw hat.

A man who had been sauntering up and down the gravel path caught sight of the white figure sitting at a little distance from the band, and for a moment his eyes rested on it with satisfaction; then they were turned inquiringly to the rest of the party, noting the languid fashionable air of the Russian, the German girls still attacking the dishes and cups, Fraulein von Mahlstock gesticulating with her parasol, Amy's face pleased recognition lighted up his face, and he muttered, "That little Will-o'-the-wisp, I declare!" as he stepped forward and left the coffee-party divided to admit him into its circle.

There was quite a chorus of exclamations of astonishment at his tem-rity from the gentlemen of the garden, who had been covertly watching the entertainment all the afternoon, but would no more have thought of disturbing it than of upsetting the extra tired coffee. All the "mammas" of Badwiesen whose daughters had not been invited shuddered at the escape that they had had; all the chat "mammas" whose girls were in such danger began signalling that they were preparing for home, and that the Fraulein's party should be considered at an end. And all this was caused by the tall Englishman whose shadow had fallen across Amy Forrester's white gown as he pushed aside the garden chairs and asked the hostess's hand in the uncompromising sayage English fashion, without the courtesy of a single preliminary bow—not so much as first bringing his heels together with a snap, as the smallest cadet in the Military School would have had the politeness to do.

Amy Forrester jumped up and the intruder, and saw a broad-shouldered dark man with a pleasant-looking face, close-cropped hair a little gray at the sides, and a black moustache, under which lurked a rather mischievous smile as he became aware of the commotion he was creating.

"Aren't you glad to see me again, Miss von Mahlstock?" he asked of the bewildered little hostess, who stood alternately staring at him and glancing apprehensively at the rest of her company and the wreck of her party, some of whom had drawn back, while others were furiously collecting their belongings preparatory to taking their departure.

"Of course I am delighted, Mr. Redmond," she replied, though her puzzled face belied her words. "But you drop upon me from the heavens, and you expect me to take it as an every-day affair! I leave you one year at Cairo, and suddenly you appear at Badwiesen with your 'How do you do?' and you take away my breath! Here—sit down and drink a cup of coffee, and I will present you to a fellow-countrywoman, Mr. Redmond, of the British army—Miss Forrester."

The stranger sank into a chair next to the girl in white, and the Fraulein breathed again. No one was compromised by this introduction. The German girls on the opposite side of the table again turned their attention to their coffee-cups; the Russian ladies, who had taken but a feeble interest in the new-comer, were appeased with the explanation, "A great English traveller, but unable to speak any language but his own." Dick Redmond could speak French like a native, having had extensive opportunities of cultivating that language in all sorts of French society; but it was doubtful whether he would have troubled himself to talk it to spinsters of a certain age like the ladies in question while a charming girl like Amy Forrester was close by.

Amy looked up again at her hostess' quiint introduction, and found that her companion was smiling and evidently expected her to do the same.

"'The British army' is rather a vague term, and I left it—worse luck!—long before I had the honor of making Miss von Mahlstock's acquaintance one winter at Shepherd's Hotel; but it was very clever of her to name and place me at once when I took her so completely by surprise. Do tell me"—in a more confidential tone, as the girl did not make any remark—"have I disturbed any very solemn function? Have I intruded unwarrantably on a society of notables who don't want to have anything to do with me? I declare I have my passport properly *vise* in my portmanteau at the *Trois Rois*; and, if that Roman-nosed lady in blue does not remove her gaze from my countenance, I will straightway send a messenger to fetch it for her inspection!"

What a very odd girl this was! She did not laugh and reply and become fast friends with Dick Redmond in five minutes, as most girls did; she only raised her delicate eyebrows and looked at him seriously, as if she did not quite understand the language in which he spoke. Perhaps he was wrong and she was not English, as he had imagined from her appearance and her name, for he had not fully understood her friend the Fraulein. Perhaps she was a married lady, and resented his tone of easy friendliness as unbefitting her position. Thinking thus, there was more deference in his manner as he began again—

"May I not get you some more coffee? Miss von Mahlstock is pouring that out for me; but I am far too shy to drink it all by myself. Do let me give her your cup to refill, or I shall never forgive myself for interrupting this symposium! Won't you make up for lost time like that lady in the corner?"

He lowered his voice and pushed his chair back a little that Amy might see her, with handkerchief and plate on her knee, chatting with a determined air a large wedge of cherry tart. Miss Forrester, who could count the number of men she knew on the fingers of one hand, who had been thoroughly frightened by the novelty of the situation and the easy self-possession of the stranger, began to smile before she knew what she was doing; and Mr. Redmond took heart again.

"That is the Countess von Hungerstein," she replied, in a pretty low voice unmistakably English. "She comes from a very wild, uncultivated part of Silesia; perhaps cherry tart is not known there!"

(To be Continued.)

Especially Soft.

Luxurious, soft and warm is the universal opinion about the newly introduced Health undervests for ladies and children. When you ask to see these goods, don't be persuaded to buy any not stamped plainly with the word "Health," as without this they are not genuine. For sale by W. A. Murray & Co.

Up Snowdon.

What is more foolish than the ambition of the untrained Londoner—especially if that Londoner be a lady—who rushes from Gower Street to the Alps and walks fifteen miles a day, instead of two hundred yards to the omnibus! Nothing; and she ruins her constitution. But let her take an easy, comfortable hill, and get to the summit in five miles of quite tolerable walking; and, in so doing, see a hundred views all lovely and all different; and will she not be in every way the better for it, in none the worse? And this is what she may do, by going up Snowdon from Llanberis.

The Llanberis route is the season track, of course; but, except in August, one need not fear to find it crammed with travelers like the "regular Swiss tour round." Even, we would say, is it as well—except in August—to take a guide: he saves time, he takes you out of the straight road, now and again, to unsuspected and charming spots, and he does not spend unless spoken to. And, then, there are mists and denser fogs that come on quite unexpectedly at all times. One hapless voyager has written, this spring, in the visitors book at the little cottage halfway up: "Have made fourteen ascents this year, and only found the top clear twice!" Then a guide is invaluable; but the easy way is to arrange to have a perfect day—not too hot, not too cold, clear and cloudless—as did that happy traveler on Saturday last.

Then, even the first two miles along the slope beside the broad valley were a delight; though generally the first miles of a uphill walk seem the worst, and thought is of some time before that valley becomes especially beautiful. There are fine views, however, of overhanging hilltops away to the left, with the wild Welsh names, Moel Cynghorion and the like, a terror to the Saxon!

Then your guide leads you to the left, and, sitting on a slope, you look sheer down into the dark and splendid Pass of Llanberis. The great quarry faces you, across the narrow vale, and to the right a road winds up and down towards the lofty gorge. Down below, to the coaches driving in from Bettws-y-Coed, past the Pass, the road winds along a narrow ledge as of a Vale of Glencoe, sprinkled with its huge stones; but looking down upon that darkness and the stern rocks, one sees the beauty and brightness that relieve them—wherein is a text for a sermon, and a very well-worn one.

Back in the path, leaving the halfway cottage behind, there comes perhaps the steepest bit of the day's walk; but on the heights are things lovely and various to be seen for one's repayment—and near the top the cold water of "the highest spring in Great Britain" is, in itself, payment for much. Below us to the left a clustered half a dozen little lakes, of an intense blue-green, studding like jewels the bases of the peaks; and on the left a sudden rise in the road brings us to a view quite lovely and magnificent. Here precipices surround a kind of crater—was there long ago a giant volcano here in Wales, now all extinct and harmless? There is a reddish, sombre beauty in these high walls round the dark pool of Glaslyn, that looks from above a tiny pond. A path that is marked in one line shows the face of the steep; and sometimes, but a little way below as it seems, you see a man's figure glide along it—a lovely thing, that a blade of grass would tower above!

The topmost height has still to be climbed—a stiffish scramble, but with a fairly good path all the way. A dark mound of stones tops all—the odd fifty feet of the 3550 or whatever it is—with the post or flagstaff up above, with which mere characteristic height the turnpike is which was highest already. Two huts at the foot of the mound constitute the inn accommodation of these altitudes, and turnpike ales and eggs, bread and cheese and stout, to the hungry, with beds for the romantic traveler who would see the sunrise from Snowdon. It looks, at least, is certainly; as every thing else has to be brought up these three thousand five hundred feet on horseback, and suddenly you appear at Badwiesen with your 'How do you do?' and you take away my breath! Here—sit down and drink a cup of coffee, and I will present you to a fellow-countrywoman, Mr. Redmond, of the British army—Miss Forrester."

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"'The British army' is rather a vague term, and I left it—worse luck!—long before I had the honor of making Miss von Mahlstock's acquaintance one winter at Shepherd's Hotel; but it was very clever of her to name and place me at once when I took her so completely by surprise. Do tell me"—in a more confidential tone, as the girl did not make any remark—"have I disturbed any very solemn function? Have I intruded unwarrantably on a society of notables who don't want to have anything to have been led to expect. But that guide must have relations—down below. For, as soon as we have spoken, what is this thing creeping from the cliff side, almost below our feet? A little mist, a thread of smoke, as it were, from some cleft or fissure which acts as chimney to gnome-dwellings in the rock. Before we are received what it is, another rises beside it; and so another, a little below, and then another; and in the briefest space—moments rather than minutes since all was clear—there is a sea of mist beneath us, we are above the clouds!

And so, all the way down, there are the grandest cloud-effects beside us, along that sombre pass—now ghostly in its grey attire—and behind us, and above. Darknesses are piled up, stealthy arms stretch across the mountain; the change is weird and awful from the brightness of mid-day of not an hour ago. But once, halfway down the broad valley, we see across a hillside to the southward, through a break between two meeting ranges, a vale where the sun is shining, where all is clear sky, and colour and joy, framed, as it were, in the grandest purple cloud and shadowed mountain-side. Some such view must have brought to Johnson's mind the vision of his Happy Valley: must have given to many a dreamer the scene for his Utopia. One is tempted to cross thither, over valley and hill—fatally forgetting that clouds move, that the straight road before us will take us most quickly to just such a Welsh tourist-town as that which looks so heavenly far away. Quickly indeed we race down hill, splashing through mossy, watery bits, ruining for ever boots that were not built for mountaineering! It is easy work to descend in a quarter of the time that we took in the climb up—especially if we have just one hour to catch a train in, and the long legs of an impatient guide stride nearly half a mile ahead of us!—*Illustrated News of the World.*

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A Philosophical Child.

"Mollie, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a fond father to his little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you always."

"Don't worry about it, papa," was the reply of the little angel; "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."—*Chatter.*

A Scolding Husband Cured.

A woman, whom her husband used frequently to scold, went to a cunning man to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint; and, after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a phial with colored liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and by her silence escaped the usual annoyance. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man and anxiously begged to have another possessed of the same virtue.

"Daughter," said the man, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life on it, he will not scold you in future."—*Ledger.*

A Close Call.

An old-fashioned dry goods merchant doing business in one of the interior towns for many years failed the other day, and when an agent for one of the creditors reached the place it was to find the proprietor working hard to figure it out.

"Lands! but I can't see why I should fail," he kept on saying. "Mabbe, though, I didn't collect sharp enough."

"You have a heap of old goods here," said the agent.

"Yes, more or less."

"When did you take your last inventory?" asked the agent, looking round.

"Inventory?"

"Yes."

"Take everything down?"

"Yes."

"And make out a list?"

"Yes."

"And put down the cost?"

"Yes."

"And dust off the shelves and mop the floor and hang up some laces and ribbons?"

"That's it."

"And clean the windows and paint the front of the store?"

"Yes."

"I never went into that. I was going to one day about fifteen years ago, and I had a wrestling match in town and I let the inventory go. Mercy on me, but I can't understand no how why I should fail."—*Waverly Magazine.*

Identification.

Charles Chapman, father of ex-Postmaster Chapman, was a lawyer, keen, witty, and successful. On one occasion a Baptist minister came before him as a witness, and Chapman asked him what his business was.

"I am a humble candle of the Lord," replied the parson.

"Yes," said Chapman, "I see, a dipped candle."—*Hartford Times.*

A Good and Faithful Servant.

Mistress—Miss Langworthy is a vegetarian, Bridget. When you make pies again please make one for her with butter for the crust instead of lard.

(Two days later)—"Did you make a pie with a butter crust for Miss Langworthy, Bridget?"

"Yes, mum."

"What kind of a pie is it?"

"Mince, mum."—*Judge.*

Following the Directions.

Nimrod Jones—Tom said that th dog would point straight at th game. Look at hi tail! There must be some birds up on the hill yonder.—*Munsey's.*

Juliet, the Orphan.

"Well, Juliet, what are you calculating to do?" said Mrs. Murdright.

"It's time to make up your mind about something, you know," briskly observed Miss Juniata Jessup.

Juliet May lifted her heavy head, and looked at them with vague surprise.

"Do?" she repeated. "What's there to do? I don't know what you all mean."

She was a dark, large-eyed girl with cheeks as pale as a calla leaf, a Spanish luxuriance of jet black hair, and a slight figure, which seemed to be bound by the weight of her deep mourning. Mrs. Murdright was a tall, masculine woman, with iron gray hair and a square chin. Miss Jessup wore spectacles, and moved around in an active, jerky way, like an extra large-sized canary bird.

"It's a week to-morrow since your pa was buried," added Mrs. Murdright.

Juliet winced.

"Yes," she said, "I know it. Oh, papa! papa!"

"There, there," said Miss Jessup, as the young orphan hid her face in her hands, "don't give way. It's unchristian, and it's uncomfortable, too!"

"And it's high time," steadily observed Mrs. Murdright, "that you looked matters in the face, Juliet May. You've got your living to earn, and—"

"But I thought I was to live with you," said poor Juliet, who was as ignorant in the ways of the world as a six month-old infant. You are my mother's sister, Aunt Murdright, and—"

"That is hardly a reason why I should undertake to support every relative I have got in the world," said, Mrs. Murdright, sourly. "You aren't a child, Juliet. You was eighteen last month, and there's many a girl of your age earns her own living and lays up a handsome sum besides. And it's close on the first of June, and I need every room I have to let to summer boarders."

"And there is no reason," supplemented Miss Juniata, skillfully seizing the opportunity to strike it when Mrs. Murdright paused for lack of breath, "why you should sit with folded hands while your cousin Artemisia works in the skirt-factory, and Louisa Lacy goes out to tailoring."

Juliet sat looking from one to the other, while her heart seemed to stand still within her. At the Grange she had always lived in luxury. She had been the darling and idolized child of a doting father. She had never paused to consider the question of mere money. All good and lovely things seemed to assemble around her by magic. Every one had spoken tenderly to her; and now—and now—

"What am I to do, Aunt Murdright?" she faltered. "Is all my money spent?"

"Your money!" hysterically echoed Miss Jessup. "Poor child! You haint got none. It's all gone in rash speculations and mad inventions."

"Juniata speaks only the truth," said Mrs. Murdright, stiffly, as Juliet's eyes sought hers, as if to ask corroboration of the little old maid's unfeeling words. "You're as good as a beggar, and you must begin to consider in serious earnest what you are to do for your bread. I can't undertake to support you."

Juliet put her little cold hand in a pathetically pleading way on Mrs. Murdright's.

"Aunt," said she, "couldn't I stay here? Couldn't I make myself useful to you?"

Mrs. Murdright shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm very sorry," said she, "but I don't require any one to play the piano and sit around the house in picturesque positions, and be waited on. You haven't been brought up as my girls are, Juliet May!"

Juliet recoiled as if a serpent had stung her; she turned to Miss Jessup.

"Cousin Juniata," she said, "you, too, are my relative! Aid me! Advise me! You have age and experience—I am like a lost child in this great, cruel, grinding world!"

Verily Juliet May was but a novice in all conventional wisdom, or she never would have alluded so unguardedly to the age and experience of the sprightly spinster. Miss Jessup bridled.

"I really don't know that I have anything to say," said she. "As Mrs. Murdright remarks, people must expect to work in this world!"

But Miss Jessup studiously banished from her recollection the fact that, when she had first set up dressmaking for herself, Squire May had generously lent her money for her lease, furniture, stock and fixtures. He had never claimed a cent of interest; he had never so much as hinted at the repayment of his loan, and she had been equally silent. And it is to be presumed that she had quite forgotten the whole circumstance, when she added, with some little vindictiveness:

"And, to my mind, it would have been a deal wiser if your papa had looked a little more closely to his money, instead of lending it to ne'er do-wells like Chauncey Graham to squander!"

"Cousin Chauncey was always good and kind!" cried Juliet, coloring up. "He would have paid papa, if he could! And it is mean and dishonorable of you to say such things as these, Juniata Jessup!"

"Hoity-toity!" cried Miss Jessup. "Mean! Dishonorable! Well, if he ain't both, let him put in an appearance and say what he has done with that money!"

As Mr. Graham was at that moment supposed to be in Australia, engaged in the management of a mammoth sheep farm, this was perhaps a rather unreasonable demand. But, to Miss Jessup's infinite amazement, and, perhaps, to her discomfiture as well, the front door was pushed open at that juncture, and a bronzed, bearded apparition, in a suit of some foreign style and cut, stalked in.

"Is this Mrs. Moses Murdright's house?" said he. "Can any one tell me if Miss Juliet May is here?"

Mrs. Murdright stared. Miss Jessup seemed equally amazed; but, with a cry, Juliet May sprang to her feet.

"Chauncey!" she cried. "It is my cousin Chauncey!"

"I am Chauncey Graham," said the young man. "I only arrived in the port of New York last evening. It all seems so strange to me to hear that my cousin, Squire May, is dead—that Juliet is without a home!"

He stood in surprise, scarcely able to recognize in this tall Andalusian-faced girl, the chubby-cheeked little playfellow of former years. But when she flung herself so confidingly into his arms, he held her with a tender and chivalric embrace.

"Oh, Chauncey, I am so glad that you have come," she sobbed. "Oh, I was so lonely and forsaken! No one has seemed to care for me, since papa died—no one offered me a home!"

"I will," said Chauncey, quietly. "There, there, little one, don't fret. It is all smooth sailing now. The money which your father lent me has borne fruit, seventy times seven, and it is yours now!"

Mrs. Murdright here recovered herself so far as to extend a fish-like hand to Mr. Graham; Miss Jessup pressed eagerly forward.

"My dear Juliet," she said, with a little acidity, "you are such a mere baby! Don't you see that your cousin isn't at all the proper person to take charge of you?"

"Why not?" said Chauncey Graham. "It seems to me that I am the very one. And my mother is in New York waiting to extend a mother's tender care to Juliet."

"At all events, my dear," said Miss Jessup, "don't cling to your cousin as if he were a floating spar and you a drowning mariner! Do sit down! Dear cousin Chauncey," with a smile which displayed every one of her false teeth to the very best advantage. "This is such an agreeable surprise. We have thought and talked of you so much!"

While Mrs. Murdright hastened to prepare what she called "a little refreshment," for this relative who seemed so much nearer and dearer since he had come back home with plenty of money.

"I wish, now," she muttered, "that we hadn't been quite so sharp with Juliet. She was a silly child, no doubt, but if she is going to be rich again—Eh? What?" to her niece who now presented herself with a crape-veiled hat and ink-black draperies folded across her slender shoulders. "You're not going away so soon, Juliet, my darling?"

"Chauncey says that his mother expects us by the very next train," said Juliet, upon whose pale cheek a new color had handled. "And we have no time to lose!"

"And," simpered Miss Jessup, who was hurriedly donning an extremely youthful Gainsborough hat with rosebuds and daisies wreathed around its brim. "I have volunteered to accompany dear Juliet. Really, I have grown too fond of her to allow her to slip away from me like this!"

Mrs. Murdright made a grimace.

"The scheming old cat," she thought.

"She actually thinks she is going to lure Chauncey Graham into marriage. Well, I never did see such idiotic folly!"

But she said noting of this as she kissed Juliet good-bye with an effusiveness which surprised the young girl.

"Farewell, my darling," she said, almost tragically. "And remember that if ever you need a home, my heart and hearth are equally open to you."

"Why didn't she say so before?" Juliet asked herself, vaguely amazed at what seemed to her such a surprising inconsistency. "Why did she talk so disagreeably about my being a burden, and earning my own living? And why is Juniata Jessup coming back with us, without ever being invited?"

Poor little Juliet! She had yet much to learn of the ins and outs of this world!

Miss Jessup's stay in New York, however, was not prolonged. She came back the next day, very ill satisfied with her journey.

"Things are quite changed since I was a girl," said she. "There's Juliet engaged to Chauncey Graham already—or as good as engaged—a mere chit like that, with no knowledge nor experience of society! And Mrs. Graham taking on airs like the queen, an' telling me, up and down, that she didn't care for my company! Me! Her own cousin twice removed! And Juliet parting from me like a clam, never even kissing me nor telling me she hoped to see me again!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Murdright. "That's generally the way rich people behave. But I almost wish, Juniata, we hadn't been quite so short with the child!"

"Yes," said Miss Juniata; "but who was to suppose that she was to be an heiress, after all!"

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. P. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

The ladies of Canada will see something to interest them in the beautiful display of Fancy Dress Goods, Flowers, Ribbons on view at the Misses Johnston's, 122 King street west.

His Error.

Peddler (in a conciliatory tone)—I presume these lovely children in the yard are yours, madam!

Madam (frigidly)—I have no children.

Peddler—Pardon me; since I see you more closely I see that the brats could not possibly be yours—*Judge.*

A Compliment.

Alice—Why, Edith, is that you? What a pretty bonnet you have on!

Edith—Do you think I look well in it?

Alice—Yes, indeed—I hardly knew you.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Difference of Opinion.

Miss Summitt—I had a long conversation about art with Miss Dinwiddie the other evening, and found her so thoroughly stupid.

Mr. Cleverton—You surprise me! We talked the other evening for an hour, and I thought she was remarkably Intelligent.

Miss Summitt—What did you talk about?

Mr. Cleverton—Baseball.—*The Epoch.*

Noble Man, When He Is Ill.

Why is it a man cannot be ill gracefully and agreeably? It is not such a very hard fate (according to the *Hospital*) to rest quietly in bed and be waited on hand and foot by one's family, and be fed on exquisite delicacies. Women take only too kindly to the *role* of an invalid; the sofa, the fleecy white shawl; the little cups of beef tea, or plates of oysters.

Once let a woman taste the dreamy pleasures of this sort of existence, and unless some shock or sense of duty arouses her, she will calmly continue for days in the pleasant path before her. She smiles sweetly at the little attentions offered her; she dresses in the daintiest *semi toilettes*, and she looks so pretty and gentle and patient that it seldom dawns on her husband that the existence is an ignoble one.

But let my lord fall ill, and oh, dear! what a different tale to tell. The valet comes flying from the room followed by a boot; the cook gives notice because master called the beef-tea "beastly stuff;" the housemaid is in tears because she is not allowed to sweep or dust the sick room.

Man, noble man, is a pitiful object when he is ill. Get him thoroughly ill, and he is a better patient than a woman; all hospital nurses prefer the men's wards to the women's; but if he is merely laid up for a day or two with a cold or a bilious attack, he persistently kicks against the pricks, instead of wisely enjoying the rest which a beneficent Nature has imposed on him. The pity is that men are not better, and women worse invalids; but perhaps this will be arrived at when the day dawns which shows the equality of the sexes.

A Woman with a Hard Kind of Luck.

The following conversation is reported to have taken place between a minister and a widow, both of Aberdeen. The widow, who called upon the minister, seemed desirous of relieving her mind of something which oppressed her, at which the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed: "My good woman, you see I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Weel, sir, I'm thinkin' o' gettin' married again."

"Oh, that is it! Let me see; that is pretty frequent, surely. How many husbands have you had?"

"Weel, sir," she replied in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "this is the fourth. I'm sure there never wis a wumman sae completely tormented wi' sic' a set o' deein' men as I've been."—*Mercury.*

Strange.

"Yes, all my houses are rented except the new one which is the best of all."

"Last but not leased, eh?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

An Extra Reason.

"Come along, Ellen, and remember what the Sunday school teacher says about stealin'; besides, the boss is watchin' us."—*Life.*

Her Elegance in Dickering

Miss Dukesmith (in the parlor)—No; mamma never patronizes the town stores. Her taste is so delicate and refined that everything, even to the smallest detail of shopping, is done in New York.

Mrs. Dukesmith (at that moment and in the rear of the house)—I'f you'll throw in another yard of that tape, an' gimme four packs of hairpins an' two lamp-wicks, with one 'r them cellerloid collar-buttons for my husben', you needn't give me no change from that quarter.—*Judge.*

Looking for Hamlet.

"I hope I don't intrude, dear," said a young wife. "Can I assist you?"

"Well, you know I am immersed in study; but, never mind, as you have come, you will oblige me by looking up Hamlet in that big volume yonder. I want a reference."

Wife (turning over the leaves)—Hamlet! Hamlet isn't here, love."

"Good gracious! wherever are you looking?"

Wife (slightly hurt)—Why, were do you think? In the directory, of course.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

With all the Fixings.

"Did she give you anything, Bill?" asked Bill's fellow-tramp.

"Yes. She gave me the cold shoulder wi h plenty of sauce."—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Exception Taken.

"There is only one cure for smoking," said the club man, "and that is death."

"That isn't always sure," said the Presbyterian, significantly.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A New Source of Leather.

Teacher—John, of what are your boots made?

Boy—Of leather, sir.

Teacher—Where does leather come from?

Boy—From the hide of an ox.

Teacher—What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?

Boy—My father.

A Self-Satisfied Bride.

A clergyman says: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the close of the ceremony and gave her my warmest congratulation, she tossed her pretty head and, pointing to the bridegroom, said, 'I think he is the one to be congratulated.'"

Changing Places

In a railway carriage packed full, a gentleman who had got a seat facing the engine asks his opposite neighbor to change seats with him. The stranger purs himself to considerable inconvenience to make the change, which he does with the greatest affability. Finally, they are nicely settled.

"You prefer riding backwards?" says the smiling and obliging stranger.

"It's not that; but in case of a collision a man is not liable to be bruised up so very much unless he is in the position you occupy now."

A Judge's Joke.

Lord Erskine, when Chief Justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford Assizes when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him in which a Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis thus—

"Tickell, the plaintiff, my Lord——" when Erskine drily interrupted him with—

"Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton! It would be unbecoming in my position."

The Cause of the Small Boy's Sadness.

"Papa," inquired a small boy whose father is the "funny man" on a live weekly agricultural journal, "was America discovered in 1776?"

"Yes, my son," replied the father cautiously; "yes, it was. Do I look like a cracker to be caught by a boy on a pin hook. Yes, it was discovered in 1776 and it had been discovered for 294 years before that time. Now go to bed and if you want to grow up to be a real funny man, you go out to Chicago and get a pair of spectacles to improve the sight of the World's Fair."

Then the boy regretted that his father was such a funny man and went away weeping to bed.—*Washington Star.*

At the Photographer's.

"Do I look all right, Ethel?"

"Yes, splendid.

"I know I'll laugh right out."

"No, you mustn't; that would spoil everything.

"Oh, I think it horrid to have one's photo taken. I'd rather have a tooth pulled any day."

"So would I."

"I never do make a good picture."

"Nor I; mine are always horrid."

"If these are not good I'll never sit again. How does my hair look?"

"Ever so nice."

"I'm so nervous. I know I'll spoil everything."

"No, you mustn't; you'd have to sit again."

"Don't you dare look at me, Ethel, or I'll giggle right out."

"Oh, I'm going to get behind the screen, and point my finger at you all the time."

"Oh, if you do!"

"So if I don't."

"You shan't even stay in the room."

"I will, too. It'll be such fun."

"Oh, you mean thing! Do you think this dress will take well?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I do hope the jet trimmings will show well. I can't decide what position to assume."

"Don't you dare look at me, Ethel."

"Don't be silly. I wouldn't mind it a bit."

"Yes, you would. Now don't you dare look at me."

"I will, too."

"Ethel!"

"Oh, I will!"

"I'll laugh right out."

And she does. She spoils two or three plates by giggling right out," and she goes away declaring that she "knows she'll look "too perfectly awful for anything in the picture."

It is living through such scenes as these from day to day that causes photographers to have a worn and faded look, and makes them old before their time. Many of them break down under the strain and die young.—*Tit Bits.*

When the Honeymoon Waned.

Mr. Paddock Field—Remember that you took me for better or for worse.
Mrs. Field—O Paddy! I know that I took you for a good deal better than you are!—*Puck.*

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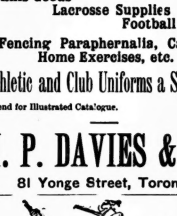

"THE BEST ARMOR AGAINST DISEASE IS GOOD DIGESTION."

It is a hard, uncontroverible fact that more disease is directly attributable to disorders of the Stomach than to all the other organs combined; this is not hard for even the unprofessional to understand when we take into consideration the mass of food that is made the receptacle of for a time, there to be churned, digested and so assimilated.

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By taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. This remedy is thorough in its action, imparts tone and strength to the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and enables them to perform all their functions properly. ** I have used Ayer's Pills, for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for stimulating the appetite, and imparting energy or strength to the system. I always keep them in the house.—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del. ** For over two years I was afflicted with torpidity of the Liver. I had no appetite, suffered from Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Side and Back, and General Debility. Ayer's Pills were the first medicine to give me relief. I took three boxes of them, and was cured. This remedy never fails to

Stimulate the Liver

and quicken the appetite. Ayer's Pills promptly relieve Headache, and are the best cathartic I know of.—George O. Williams, West Meriden, Conn.

During the spring of 1877 a disagreeable taste in my mouth entirely destroyed my appetite. My tongue was almost thickly coated, and what little food I ate distressed me. Believing my trouble to originate in a disordered liver, I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I felt an improvement after the operation of the first dose. I continued their use in diminished quantities, for a short time, and am satisfied that these Pills have completely cured me.—Sophie Harmon, Biddeford, Me.

For a number of years I was troubled with Biliousness, which almost destroyed my health. This ailment commenced in Costiveness. Indigestion, Headache, and Dizziness soon followed. I became weak, emaciated, and totally unfitted for work of any kind. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. They cured me, speedily, and I now believe them to be the most reliable cathartic in use.—G. S. Wanderlich, Scranton, Pa.

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Our Coming Christmas Number.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT have completed arrangements for the most superb Christmas Number which they have yet attempted to issue. The two colored pictures which will be given with the number are each 17 x 24 inches, printed on heavy embossed paper in twelve colors. They are pronounced by those who have seen them as equal to if not superior to any of the colored supplements ever given with the *London Graphic* or *Illustrated News*. The number itself will be profusely illustrated and as usual the contributors will be those whose names are best known in Canadian literature.

A prize of $50 will be given for the best short story, which must be in the publishers' hands by the first of November. It must not consist of less than two thousand words nor more than four thousand. The scene must be Canadian, and all stories submitted to the editors will become the property of the paper; but those which do not receive a prize, if published, will be paid for at our regular rates.

The publishers do not make themselves responsible for any manuscript submitted for their inspection.

For the best children's story to consist of not less than 1,500 or more than 2,500 words, $25 will be paid as first prize, the conditions the same as above.

For the best poem not to consist of over twenty lines or over eight words to the line, $10 will be given.

The above prizes are not large and are simply intended to develop a few new contributors for next year. All manuscripts should be written on but one side of the paper, each sheet should consist of a half foolscap page. A *nom de plume* should be signed to the manuscript, and a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer and bearing on the outside the same *nom de plume* as the manuscript, should accompany it. Paid contributors sending manuscripts must observe these conditions and mark their manuscript "Prize Competition," or they will not be considered competitors.

Book Notices

So many people who having gone abroad for a holiday have written books descriptive of their travels, interesting to no one but themselves and their immediate friends, that when we get a work of this sort we expect to read a half a dozen pages and write some amiable generalities about it without telling any libs, and let the writer down easy. Imagine my desk the other day a neatly printed and well illustrated book, bound in the souvenir fashion, and large enough to appall the reader of amateur productions. The book is entitled A Happy Holiday. The author Grace E Denison, while not strictly an amateur, is by no means a professional writer. Those who know Mrs. Denison are acquainted with one of the most vivacious women and most humorous and interesting conversationalists in the city. As a Sunday school teacher at St. Simon's she is the idol of one of the biggest classes of little tots ever gotten together in a schoolroom. Her descriptions of Jonah and similar personages in sacred history, as repeated to me by little people who have been entirely absorbed by them, are too funny for anything, but they fix themselves in the childish minds as the teachings of more conventional people never can and never will. Knowing the writer I had no further fear for the contents of the book but I was unprepared to find it one of the most delightful books of travel I ever perused. In a couple of hundred large pages there is not a paragraph unenlivened by the humor of the writer. The thorough unconventionality of her trip "all by her lonely," with nothing but a carry-all and an umbrella, is but typical of the treatment her topics receive. There is many a hearty laugh in it, very many broad smiles and an unceasing interest which begins with the beginning and ends only with the end. She traveled through Belgium, Germany, and Austria, winding up with Switzerland and Paris. Those who have been over the route will find double enjoyment in her pages. Those who are expecting to some day take the trip will find a large number of very useful hints. I can conscientiously recommend it as one of the most entertaining books of the season.

Music.

There is little to record this week except the gradual settling down of our societies for the season's work. The Choral Society has not yet commenced operations but will soon do so. The Philharmonic Society made a brave start at the Elijah on Tuesday evening. As a result not of natural selection, but of the survival of the fittest which has been exercised in the selection of voices, there was a splendid chorus present with many to hear from. Elijah is a work that will doubtless attract many of the old-timers, and Mr. Torrington feels confident that he will have a chorus this season which will surpass the society's previous record. The plan of selection is a move in the right direction, and has gradually forced itself upon the authorities as a necessity. It will result in the adherence of many to whom the constant trying over of easy passages and the propinquity of incompetent, growling and unmusical singers were a trial and a burden. As it is there will be readers and singers in the chorus, and oratorio will find, this year, a suitable and efficient exponent. The management of the Philharmonic is more active and enterprising than ever. In addition to the regular concerts of the society, they will also give a series of concerts on November 25 and 26, with the well-known Zerrahn orchestra of Boston and a bouquet of artists, comprising Mrs. Ida Bond Young, Madame Blanche Stone Barton, Miss Ella Earle, Miss Annie Beere, Mr. William Dennison and Dr. Carl E. Martin. This will be an event of unusual excellence, and a rich treat may be expected.

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The west end branch of the Toronto Vocal Society was formerly organized on September 18, under Mr. B. W. Edgar Buck's direction, at the Y. M. C. A. hall, corner of Queen street and Dovercourt road. There were forty-five members present out of a roll of fifty-five. As these ladies and gentlemen will co-operate with the society proper Mr. Musson expects his chorus will muster one hundred and fifty voices at the concerts of the society.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan's waltz, Golden Rod, has been published by Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons. It is bright, melodious and swinging. Mrs. Mackelcan has been so clever as to combine a melodious scheme with rich harmonies, and has produced a waltz that is catchy and pleasing, and not at all difficult; in fact it should be the ideal drawing-room waltz of the season.

•

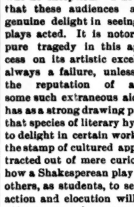
The regular monthly Service of Song by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer will begin on Wednesday, October 8. Among those who will assist at this service are Mr. F. H. Torrington and Miss Clarke. Mr. Schuch has increased the strength of the choir to nearly fifty voices, and promises a series of effective musical services.

•

Master Eddie Leo, another phenomenal boy singer—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, this time—will give a series of three concerts in the Pavilion on October 23 and 29. Master Leo is eleven and a half years old, and his voice is said to be a genuine boy treble, not a woman's voice. He will be supported by Miss Clara E. Barnes of Buffalo, and the best local talent. The boy's father accompanies him as manager and his accompanist, but the series of concerts will be under the musical direction of Mr. Torrington.

METRONOME.

The Drama.



THE question as to whether Shakespeare "pays" when produced on the stage of the present day would seem to a Toronto theater-goer to require an affirmative answer. On almost every occasion a drama of Shakespeare's is played here a well-filled, if not an overflowing, house assembles to see it. The production of Romeo and Juliet at the Grand by Margaret Mather and her company on Monday evening was no exception. I do not think, however, that these audiences are attracted by a genuine delight in seeing and hearing those plays acted. It is notoriously the fact that pure tragedy in this age cannot win success on its artistic excellence alone, and is always a failure, unless bolstered up with the reputation of a successful star or some such extraneous aid. The classic drama has as a strong drawing power the assistance of that species of literary hypocrisy which affects to delight in certain works, because they bear the stamp of cultured approval. Many are attracted out of mere curiosity to see and hear how a Shakespearean play is put on the boards; others, as students, to see if the assistance of action and elocution will illumine obscurities of language and construction, which their reading failed to dissipate. Of the many who see Shakespeare played, they are few indeed who do not find the current of their sympathy and interest disturbed by incongruities of language to which they are unaccustomed and action they cannot understand. Add to this the aversion a modern audience feels to such wholesale slaughter as finishes the play of Romeo and Juliet and it may well be believed that such a play, if denuded of the glamor of its author's name, would not now be a drawing attraction.

•

The gulf which divides the present from the Elizabethan age in the use of language is extensive, if we may judge by the productions of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. In those "good old days" they were accustomed usually to address one another in ceremonious and figurative language, which this precise and scientific age has to a great extent, discarded. Perhaps, however, Shakespeare is not a just criterion wherefrom to judge the ordinary language of that period. The characters he has given us, and who seem, ridiculously enough to our modern ears, to talk poetry, were probably not a counterpart in their speech of the swaggering bravoes and languishing maidens of London in the sixteenth century. Can anyone imagine a Mercutio in any age and in any country delivering himself of such a speech to a group of his chums on the street as that passage, applauded so much on Monday evening, commencing:

"O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you."

In these ebullitions of language, in which figures of speech all alive and expressive tumble over one another in the tumultuous flow of words, is seen not so much a mirror of the times as the prolificacy of a great mind bursting with the richness of its resources. It has been said that "Shakespeare never sees things tranquilly." If he depicts a passion, a joy, a sorrow, dejection or raillery, he heaps figure upon figure, Pelion upon Ossa and Ossa upon Olympus, until the mind is inspired or amused by such wondrous prodigality of ideas presented in terms so extravagant. At no time is this so apparent as when one hears these words from the lips of a player. Unless he or she be possessed of such powers as can lead the mind captive and make it live for the time in that bygone age, all the ridiculous discrepancy between modern thought and action and the language of mediævalism becomes acutely apparent. I could not help wondering on Monday night if a young man and woman of to-day expressed their reciprocal feelings in the fervid language of Romeo and Juliet, how long, if overheard, they would be outside of an asylum.

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The representation of this play given by Margaret Mather's company is by no mean an ideal one. Miss Mather's Juliet is a person too mature in person, and especially in action, for the gentle Juliet of fourteen summers. I noticed that in their playing version they made it eighteen. Her acting in many scenes lacked simplicity. One could not but feel that her impersonation was insufficiently subdued for a character which tends in its expression to the extremes of emotion. Her action in the balcony scene was powerful, and her charming personality won for her an enthusiastic reception throughout. Mr. Otis Skinner's Romeo was well done, though it was possible to quarrel also with the vehemence of his emotion. His sighs were at times painfully audible. To use one of Artemus Ward's old puns, he ought to reduce their size. The rest of the company were of various degrees of incapability, though Mr. John Malone's Mercutio was not bad.

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The breaking of her contract with the Academy of Music by Miss Mather, and her playing at the Grand the first three nights of this week caused considerable excitement in theatrical circles here. The reason offered by Miss Mather's representative for breaking the contract was that the Academy was insufficiently equipped scenically to produce her repertoire. An attempt to restrain her from playing at the Grand, by injunction, was made, but was unsuccessful. At the time of writing Miss Mather is quietly playing out her three nights at Mr. Sheppard's theater, while the managers of the Academy are threatening suits for both damages and libel. What will come of it is difficult to say, but there is abundance of trouble in the wind.

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It is a far cry from Shakespeare's immortal work to the performance of Williams and Orr's Meteors, but such is the range of human character that it can adapt itself easily to both extremes. The variety shows which come to Jacobs and Sparrow's are nearly always the most pleasing entertainments given in this house. Their features are never all first-class, but even a bad feature has one merit and that is, that it does not inflict the audience very long. On the other hand many of the specialties, particularly those which call for a display of physical training rather then powerful mentality are very cleverly performed and often exceedingly amusing. Williams and Orr have a very good assortment of performers. The juggling by the Japs, Katchawana and Ome, is rarely equalled by any performers who pass this way. Other good performances are given by the Brothers Wems, comedians and acrobatic dancers, Mason and Ralston, and Zenora and Foden, acrobats, Miss Kittie Smith, dancer, and Lawlor and Thornton, comic vocalists.

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Miss Jessie Alexander our popular reader is at present sojourning in New York. Miss Alexander has acquired an entirely new repertoire of readings during the past summer, and the public are assured a programme of rare excellence when she returns to give her recital on October 7, in Association Hall.

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The death of Dion Boucicault in New York last week removed from the theatrical world one of its most conspicuous figures. Boucicault's fame extends away back to the palmy days of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer and Wilkie Collins, with all of whom he was more or less intimate during his residence in London. At one time plays were flung from his pen with a frequency which threatened to rival the marvellous fecundity of Lope de Vega. I remember seeing many years ago a caricature on this rapidity of production which represented Boucicault stalking up and down the floor dictating to six amanuenses each a separate play. It has been claimed, and with good grounds, that Boucicault has written the only play produced within fifty years which is destined to become a classic. That play is London Assurance. The Colleen Bawn and several others of his plays are still popular, but all the rest of the four hundred dramas of which he was the author or adapter, he lived to see perish. Like many other men of genius his private life was a subject for reproach, the source of innumerable scandals. He lived a life of pleasure regardless of contumely and public scorn. His was a specimen of that wondrous vitality, which seems to renew itself despite the assaults of time and a life of debauchery. It is but a few years since we saw him here at the Grand Opera House, playing with spirit and vivacity the leading part in his own play, Arrah-na-Pogue. He was then a man of eighty or thereabouts. And, as is well known, he continued his literary labor up to the time of his taking-off. Despite the life he lead, his irrepressible activity and innate genius achieved wonders. How much more his genius would have blazed had it not been clouded by "the last infirmity of noble minds," it is impossible to say; but it will not be strange if with him should be buried much of the stigma which attached itself to him for years, and that his posthumous fame will be more steadfast, if not greater, than was that which he achieved in life.

Had the Wrong Subject.

On the piazza of a fashionable watering place hotel there were seated one evening during the season just passed three ladies, who were listening to the music of an orchestra when it played—using their tongues when it didn't and their eyes at all times. Suddenly one of them gave a start of suppressed excitement.

"Look," she said almost breathlessly, leaning over to her companions; "there is that Mrs. B. from New York, you know."

"What!" exclaimed No. 2, "the divorcee?"

"Yes," was the answer, while No. 3 echoed with a sigh of satisfaction, "Now we will have a chance to see what she is like."

Three pairs of eyes focussed their gaze upon a common object—a young woman, blonde and comely, seated in front and a little to the left of this optic battery. The music began again while the ladies stared intently. When the orchestra stopped the tongues were ready.

"She's not hopelessly pretty," began No. 1 with a little laugh.

"Too pink and white," said No. 2, who was sallow and black-haired.

"They say he is very handsome," went on the first speaker, and "Oh, he is, but dissipated, awfully so," asserted the second.

"Don't you think," continued No. 1, "that she shows her suffering? Her eyes have a sort of wistful look of pain to me."

"Yes, and the lines of her face are sharp," replied No. 2. "She certainly shows that she is a woman with a history. The most casual observer can see that."

So the chorus went on till No. 3 came to the front. "I have been watching the way the corner of her mouth are drawn down," she said with the air of one about to make a remark, "and I tell you there are two sides to that story, although all the sympathy seems to be with her. No woman has a mouth like that for nothing," and she snapped her lorgnette shutt and thrust it with some decision in her corsage.

"Why do you think so?" commenced No. 1 "I've been fancying that droop rather pathetic."

"Nonsense!" said No. 3, "that's not pathos; that's temper and lots of it. His family say that he could not live with her and now that I have seen her face I believe it."

At this moment a gentleman approached the person who, all unconsciously, was the object of such serious scrutiny and comment, and in some haste exclaimed, bowing and offering his arm:

"Miss L., your mother is in the parlor just home late from her drive. She has sent me for you."

Miss L. arose at once, and, with a laughing remark of compliance, walked away with her escort.

Among the trio in the seats back the silence could be felt for a moment, then No. 1 recovered herself.

"Well," she laughed, "it wasn't Mrs. B. after all, was it?"

Nobody answered her. In particular, the student of character from the curve of the lips maintained a stolid quiet. By way of aftermath it may be added that this is a sketch from real life.—*N. Y. Times.*

Why He's a Doubter.

"Fine day."

This was the remark addressed by the man who was waiting for a street car to the lank individual leaning against a lamp post.

"Um—so-so," replied the lank party, after taking a leisurely survey of the sky.

"If the wind keeps blowing in this direction for twenty-four hours longer, there will be rain," ventured the first speaker.

"Um—I'm not so sure about that," said the other, cautiously.

"The wind, at least, is dead south now."

"Um—perhaps."

"It certainly isn't north."

The lean individual pursed up his lips as if about to whistle, looked at the sky again, shook his head slowly and said:

"I'm not so blamed certain it isn't."

"At any rate, sir, it isn't raining now, is it? Hey!"

Another careful examination of the firmament and the cautious remark:

"It may be raining and it may not. You can't always tell about these things."

"Great Jehosephat! Can't you see there isn't a cloud in the sky?"

"Um—likely enough. Likely enough. It may appear that way to some folks. But it's best not to be too sure."

"May appear that way? Why, good gracious, man! Haven't you got any eyes?"

"Maybe I have and maybe I haven't," retorted the attenuated individual, passing his hand over his face as if to find out. "All that I know is that there's nothing certain in this world. You think there's a fair ground out at the end of this street, perhaps?"

"I certainly do."

"Just so. I was certain of it yesterday myself. I was certain that there was a man out there with two or three walnut shells he was moving about on the head of a barrel. I was certain I could tell which shell the little black ball was under. I was just as certain of it as you are that it isn't raining. It cost me every darned cent I had to find out that I didn't know anything about it. I am not going to be sure of anything again as long as I live."

He took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, looked at it as if he were not sure whether it was tobacco or not, put it back in his pocket, sighed a long, heavy dismal sigh, and looked straight through the other man into the far-off depth of space.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why Shouldn't He?

The surprising conduct of a hungry Britisher is thus dealt with by an English paper: The congregation of a church in the vicinity of Bristol have been scandalized on recent Sunday mornings by the strange proceedings of a well-dressed man, who, in the middle of the service, is in the habit of opening a parcel which contains the materials for a substantial lunch, and he then devours his meal. There is no suggestion that this individual's very unseemly conduct, inasmuch as he leaves the church before the sermon commences.

A Lucky Fellow.

Mrs. Sharptongue (querulously)—Here you are, earning next to nothing, and our old neighbor, Mr. Quickwit is making $10,000 a year.

Mr. S.—Lucky fellow that Quickwit. He's got a job as traveling salesman, and is away from home ten months in the year.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A New Phase.

Angry Conductor (with hand on the bell-rope)—You'll pay your fare or get off.

Tramp—Statistics show that it costs five dollars in wear an' tear an' steam to stop a train. Now if you rob th' stockholders of this ere road of five dollars, jest ter gratify y'r selfish spite, I'll report ye to th' president.

A Gentle Hint.

Editor—If you didn't drink so much, Mr. Soque, you could make a great deal of money. How in the world did you ever form the habit? Soque—Well, I began by taking a nip every time I had a poem rejected, and it's kept me pretty full lately; but I'd really like a chance to reform.—*Puck.*

His Characteristics Manifested.

Mrs. Smiler—What a lovely child, my dear Mrs. Proudfoot!

Mrs. Proudfoot—We are very proud of him, Mrs. Smiler.

Mrs. Smiler—He is so bright and active and energetic. If Mr. Smiler were here that awful man would say that he promised to be "full of sand."

Mrs. Proudfoot—Dear, dear! I'm awfully afraid of it myself. It takes all my time to keep him from swallowing the beach.—*Chicago Times.*

Of Course.

Professor—To prove that the ears of grasshoppers are in their legs a very simple experiment will suffice. Place one on the table and knock on the table; he will jump off. Now cut off his legs and repeat the experiment and you will find that he will not jump. Q. E. D.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

The Usual Proceeding.

Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you at least half an hour.

The Ex-Cannibal's Story.

For Saturday Night.

From the land of my birth
('Tis the fairest on earth)
Have I wander'd, an exile, for years.
Once a cannibal, I,
Pray pardon a sigh,
And excuse a poor wanderer's tears,
Whilst I weep and I sigh
For the days gone by,
For that dear land which lieth afar,
Where the yam-root grows
And the palm-oil flows
On the banks of the Old Calabar.

Ah! like unto Death
Is the north wind's breath
To the child of a southern sea,
And, on and off,
A churchyard cough
Plays the dickens with such as me.
I'm chill'd to the bones,
And nasal my tones
With the woe of a horrid catarrh,
While I weep and I sigh
For the days gone by
For the banks of my Old Calabar.

"Fri-d, boiled, or roast,
Or serv'd up on toast,
Or hash'd up as family pie,
Good times may be spent
With a reverend gent,"
Quoth my father—and so said I.
I remember one night,
By the pale moonlight,
O my cannabalistic papa!
When appetite told
(Cold missionary hold)
On the banks of the Old Calabar.

Ha! grean'd to a turn,
Lest the roast it should burn,
How oft have I luncheon'd—free,
On clergymen tall,
On clergymen small
Sent out by the S. P. G.
Yes! a happy young cub,
Just the height of a tub,
Was I, when my sainted mamma
Said, "His collops are mine,
The mery-thought's thine,"
On the banks of the Old Calabar.

Can I ever forget,
Or cease to regret
The Reverend Ezekiel—he
Escap'd, in the dark,
Elop'd with a shark,
(N.B. Taree retiling good meals lost to me).
As a matter of food,
The church—oh, it's good,
So diff'rent to vulgar Jack Tar
(Drat the British marine,
Too much nicotine
For the stomach of Old Calabar).

One day, we'd a bishop,
But, ere we could dish up
His lordship, a dastardly crew,
On a slave-hunting raid,
Storm'd the village stockade
Midst a terrible hullabaloo.
And, ere I could tell it,
They'd snaked our "hot prelate"
And skewer'd me (here is the scar),
And, straight from that row,
Sail'd with me in a chow
From the banks of the Old Calabar.

Words, my woes cannot tell,
Oh! that sinking hell
Where the dead and the dying lay,
And the heat of it—Pheugh!
And the stench of it—Wasugh!
But the end of it came one day,
When a well-planted shot
(Lord! it pepper'd 'em ho')
From the bow of a man-o-war
Free'd each manacled wrist,
Ere the setting sun kiss'd
The waves of the Old Calabar.

Escaped from such evil,
The Spirit of Travel
Led to pathways far distant from Home.
Mount Etna I've view'd,
'Neath Hecla I've stewed,
And seen Pio Nono in Rome,
Yet oft have I wonder'd,
Tho' gh the old ties are sunder'd,
In that dear land which lieth afar,
Tacough our tribe is dismember'd,
Am I still remember'd
On the banks of the Old Calabar?

Still, I'm fairly content,
Spite of Church or Dissent,
Till I see a p'ump parson pass by,
Then, each savoury meal
Of the bygone doth steal
O'er my senses olfactorily,
And I weep, and I sigh
For the days gone by,
For that dear land which lieth afar,
Where the yam-root grows,
And the palm-oil flows
On the banks of the Old Calabar.

H. K. COCKIN.

The Bee.

For Saturday Night.

Mangled and crushed, thou diest, little one;
Torn is thy vesture, rich, of gold and jet,
Its velvet softness, all besmeared and wet
From the spilt honey, yellow as the sun:
Though now no more thou'lt wander o'er the fields,
No more the languid flowers will kissing greet,
As in the sunny life, in death as sweet,
A blossomy smell thy broken body yields.

In childlike rage, unthinking, thee I've slain,
Because thou can'st about me as I rad
And vexed my thoughts with thy monotonous strain.
But now I would that from me thou had'st fled
Unharmed, through the warm air again to roam
With "light" and "sweetness" storing full thy home.

H. W. C.

The Woman-Beater.

"That horrid man! he beats his wife!"
"Good gracious! is it true, dear?"
"Why, yes; he told my Brother Jack—
But never breathe how you hear."

"Oh, no; of course not—not a word;
But tell me all about it."
"Well, Tuesday night he beat his wife!
There is no chance to doubt it."

"The brute! (Jack enters.) When Jack comes
He'll tell us. I'm just dying
To know about it. 'S at his wife!'
A beast without half trying."

Jack—"My sister, you are very wrong"—
Thus gently he rebuked her.
"Charles did say that he beat his wife—
At six straight games of euchre."—*Judge.*

Noted People.

It is said that Cardinal Newman used to sleep with Scott's novels under his pillow, and that other of his favorite writers were Crabbe, Southey, Byron, Johnson and Gibbon.

Grace Davenport, M.D., who is one of the few women physicians in Texas, has been appointed assistant in the medical department of the insane asylum at Terrell. She is a graduate of a leading medical college of Chicago, and has practised her profession for several years in Texas.

The gold pen with which Oliver Wendell Holmes has written for twenty-five years is in perfect condition, and is highly cherished by its owner. A tattered and torn old note-book, with limp covers, nearly as old as the pen, is another of the poet's treasures, and has long been the repository of his thoughts and confidences.

Graham Thomson, who is really Mrs. Arthur Graham Thomson, is an English woman, whose dainty sonnets have won her an enviable name as a verse writer. Her London home is an ideal one, filled with rare bits of furniture and fine pictures, which she and her artist-husband have gathered from old shops in many countries.

Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, who, a generation ago, conquered the world of sentimental youth with her Heir of Redcliffe—the proceeds of which she gave to church missions in New Zealand—finds no exemption from work in her sixty-seven active years, but is busily engaged on her one hundred and first book, which is a story of the time of Vespasian.

Two of the seven ladies in waiting of Queen Margaret of Italy are New York girls—the Princess Vicovaro, who was Miss Eleanor Lorillard Spencer, and the Princess Brancaccio, who was Miss Hickson Field. The Prince Vicovaro is a Cenci, and still owns the stately palace which belonged to Lucrezia Petroni, the step-mother of Beatrice Cenci, together with many memorials of the ill-fated beauty.

They tell this little story of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Walking in a friend's garden one day, she asked the gardener: "Have you ever read Uncle Tom's Cabin?" The perplexed fellow slowly unbent himself. He was unwilling to wound the sensibilities of Mrs. Stowe, and he wished to say the most for himself. And so he felt himself getting very red and stammered: "Well, not exactly, ma'am. Not as you might say 'read it,' but I've tried to, ma'am."

Lady Edith Ward, the prospective bride of Count Herbert Bismarck, is said to be very highly educated, but not beautiful. She is tall, with rather dull, brown eyes, and wears her hair braided around her head in somewhat antiquated fashion. Young Bismarck's father is not in favor of the match. Lady Edith was presented at court, at her majesty's last drawing-room, by her mother, the Countess of Dudley, and was attractively attired in white corded silk draped with soft silk crape and pearl trimmings.

Mr. Froude, the historian, occupies a unique position among living men of letters, being the only English author now alive who has had one of his books publicly burnt. This distinction—an unequalled, though unintended, advertisement—was conferred on his well-known work, The Nemesis of Faith, in March, 1849, by the authorities of Exeter College, Oxford, of which Mr. Froude was a fellow. This mediæval method of protesting against obnoxious teachings was ineffectual, even in the hey-day of ecclesiastical power, and was only ridiculous at the close of the first half of the nineteenth century. It has not been adopted again, and this book of Mr. Froude's is accordingly notable as being the last which was publicly burnt in England.

Here is a good story of Professor Jowett: His study windows look into the "Broad" at Oxford. Everybody knows that he is always at work. Coming with his party (chiefly American tourists) under these windows, the local guide would begin: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very eldest in the university, and famous for the heredition of its scholars. The 'ead of Balliol College is called the Master; the present Master of Balliol is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek. Those are Professor Benjamin Jowett's study windows, and there,"—here the man would stoop down, take up a handful of gravel, and throw it up against the panes, bringing the poor professor, livid with fury, to the window, "ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Benjamin Jowett himself."

The present head of Messrs. Joseph Gillott and Sons had in his young days what some would call a prosaic and others quite a romantic courtship. On his introduction into the firm, he became enamoured of one of the girls employed in the warehouse, and although his father disapproved of his choice, he offered the fortunate young lady his hand and heart. This suit was, as may well be believed, acceptable to the girl, and the father, finding it useless to attempt to turn the son from his purpose, suggested that the chosen one should have the benefit of tuition in French schools for two years. This was acted upon, and the lady, having made the best use of her time and opportunities, returned, and became Mrs. Joseph Gillott, junior, and, as is evidenced by the esteem in which she is held by all who know her, high and low alike, Mr. Joseph Gillott has never regretted his rather eccentric choice of a wife.

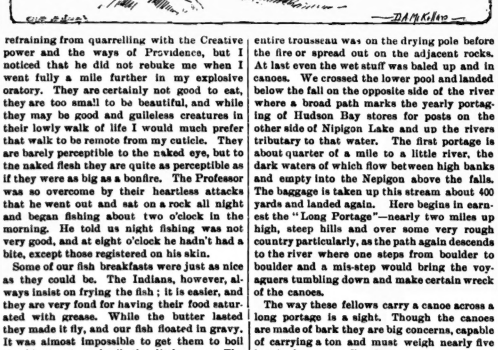
Thomas Stevens in the New York *World* gives the following description of Tolstoi whom he saw in his own home: Presently there appeared on the steps of the portico a thin, sun-browned man of medium height, clad in a coarse linen suit. His bushy eyebrows thatched a pair of kindly yet shrewd blue eyes, and his gray beard and long gray hair looked like a peasant's. A cheap home-made cap of the same material as his suit adorned the head to which the world is indebted for War and Peace, Anna Karenina, and other masterpieces of the Russian realistic school. Rude boots, as unzainly as the wooden shoes of Germany, attested mutely to the eminent novelist's skill—or lack of it—as a cobbler. Both cap and boots were the count's own handiwork. The linen trousers were loose and the shirt looser. The latter was worn, Moujik fashion, outside the trowsers, and was gathered about the waist with a belt of russet leather.

In Pursuit of Happiness.---No. 3.

THE surface of Camp Alexander is too rough to make a good bed; a possibility unless a vast deal of spruce brush is gathered. As our Indians had to bring their brush from the other side of the river the quantity was limited, and the corner of a boulder which happened to be under my back grew very prominent before morning. We all lay in a row like sailors in a dock lodging house, but Riley being next to me was my special bed-fellow and as he was afraid of catching cold the clothing was piled over us to mountainous heights. Of course I perspired copiously on that side while the other section of me being next the opening of the tent I struck an average by being thoroughly chilled. The Genius had the lumbago and thrashed about considerably. But worst of all, the Professor snored.

We had nearly adjusted ourselves to our bed and surroundings when the Professor, who had awakened himself from sleep by a stentorian snore, complained of an intensely itchy sensation around his neck and legs; Pa. was already in excited search after the disturbers of his sleep, and in ten minutes our sleeping tent was in an uproar. A sensation as if hot sand had been sprinkled down my back, inside my night shirt, had taken possession of me, each individual grain of sand seemed to be getting under the skin. Tomsing said they were sand flies. It is always pleasant to know the name of anything which happens to be exciting attention.

The Professor said nothing was created except for a good purpose, but he did wonder what sand flies were for; he asked other and pertinent questions and made many and startling exclamations, in all of them carefully



refraining from quarrelling with the Creative power and the ways of Providence, but I noticed that he did not rebuke me when I went fully a mile further in my explosive oratory. They are certainly not good to eat, they are too small to be beautiful, and while they may be good and guileless creatures in their lowly walk of life I would much prefer that walk to be remote from my cuticle. They are barely perceptible to the naked eye, but to the naked flesh they are quite as perceptible as if they were as big as a bonfire. The Professor was so overcome by their heartless attacks that he went out and sat on a rock all night and began fishing about two o'clock in the morning. He told us night fishing was not very good, and at eight o'clock he hadn't had a bite, except those registered on his skin.

Some of our fish breakfasts were just as nice as they could be. The Indians, however, always insist on frying the fish; it is easier, and they are very fond for having their food saturated with grease. While the butter lasted they made it fly, and our fish floated in gravy. It was almost impossible to get them to boil the big trout or broil the little ones. The Indians think they know it all with regard to camp cooking, and when we tried to give them pointers they grunted and proceeded straightway to spoil the dish and thereby convice us that we were wrong.

Riley and I fished together the first day, and if my memory serves, me right up to noon we had caught one each, the balance of the party caught about thirty amongst them. We could hardly account of our bad luck. I suggested that it was because Riley was so homely. I shan't quote what Riley said, it was in such bad taste. In the afternoon we went higher up in the rapids above the camp and found the Genius and Tomsing waist deep in the water pulling in the fish with both hands. The moment we got there the fish ceased to bite; they were jumping all around us but failed to take our flies. With great magnanimity the occupants of the good fishing-place gave it up to us and went elsewhere, the fish apparently following them for we got nothing, and they continued to strike one every few minutes. Then it began to rain, and ye gods, how it poured. We had no seats in the canoe of course, and as the water grew deeper we had to half stand and half sit. With the four of us in the most uncomfortable position imaginable, the Indians ran the rapids and made for the camp, a perfect deluge pouring down from the low clouds which seemed to have approached as near the earth as possible so as to get a good crack at us.

Of all the comfortless things the mind of man can imagine nothing is more utterly dismal than a fireless and dripping camp. The mists hung over the water, clouds hung over over the camp, little pools lay in the hollow stones and between the rocks, into which the rain splashed with a disheartening drip, drip. It seemed to be an hour before they got a fire started and then it sputtered and splattered, smoked and sulked, as if determined to add every possible misery to the night. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks we had a splendid supper, fried trout swimming in butter, big chunks of fat pork sailing gaily round in little lakes of grease, boiled onions, potatoes, bread and butter and marmalade. Quite a bill of fare that for the wilderness with tea and coffee to wash it down! The prepared coffee, sweetened and creamed already, was a luxury *I* never before had in camp and I shall certainly never be without it when there again.

Next day was wet and we could not go on as we had intended. We loafed and read and I smoked until the skin peeled off the inside of my mouth. Then we had dinner and ate too much and slept some and smoked more and had supper and overfed ourselves again and finally decided to go to bed. During this thrilling programme we made several abortive attempt to fish, but through it all ran a wild and sanguinary struggle with the mosquitoes. From away above the plains of the Amalekites, out from beyond the Mountains of Moon and the valley of Gideon came hosts and hordes of these unsanctified varmints and encamped all about us. When the rain ceased for a moment in they came with a buzz and bl-r-r like a flock of birds, and nothing would keep them out. Ankles, wrists, neck, ears, nose, anything and everything which came near the netting or was exposed for an instant was nipped in a second. The black flies, too, had to be fed, and the sand flies had never for an instant ceased from their repast. We rubbed on oil of cedar and tansy and such other preparations as we had brought with us, but it seemed to do nothing more than inflame their cannibal appetite.

I tell you there's fun to be had camping on the Nepigon if you go the right way about it.

We moved next day, and I was glad of the change. At least I thought I would be when we started. There is at least some excitement in gathering up one's traps and setting forth into a new country in quest of adventure. It is remarkable how one's belongings get spread out in camp! Stuff which had been packed in small compass covers half an acre and the task of getting it into portable shape looks hopeless enough. Yet in an hour the pots and kettles, the dishes and grub boxes were packed, the tents rolled up, the dunnage bags bursting with clothing and all except the wet garments rolled up. I think the Professor's entire trousseau was on the drying pole before the fire or spread out on the adjacent rocks. At last even the wet stuff was baled up and in canoes. We crossed the lower pool and landed below the fall on the opposite side of the river where a broad path marks the yearly portaging of Hudson Bay stores for posts on the other side of Nipigon Lake and up the rivers tributary to that water. The first portage is about quarter of a mile to a little river, the dark waters of which flow between high banks and empty into the Nepigon above the falls. The baggage is taken up this stream about 400 yards and landed again. Here begins in earnest the "Long Portage"—nearly two miles up high, steep hills and over some very rough country particularly, as the path again descends to the river where one steps from boulder to boulder and a mis-step would bring the voyaguers tumbling down and make certain wreck of the canoes.

The way these fellows carry a canoe across a long portage is a sight. Though the canoes are made of bark they are big concerns, capable of carrying a ton and must weigh nearly five hundred pounds. Two Indians, one at the bow and the other at the stern, with this awkward load will trot across the rocks, up hill and down dale, at the rate of five miles an hour and not feel very tired after it either.

At one trip Joe Collins had 150 lbs. of flour, two tents and a heavy valise heaped on his back and neck, the whole thing held in place by a portaging strap passed under the lower bag of flour and around his forehead.

The men were working so hard Pa. and I started from the upper end of the portage for wood, as nothing but green and scrubby poplar and birch grow about the camping place. I was feeling pretty good that day and insisted on the kindly Pa. sitting in the canoe while I climbed up the steep bank with the axe. It was warm on that hillside. The brush was thick, the climbing bad, and hauling down the wood was a task which would have made the good Pa. cuss a little under his breath if he had been there. I had prickly heat as big as the end of your finger all over my fat carcass before I had been chopping ten minutes and I was saying things which were hot enough to cook supper. I can't chop wood like I once could, and I admit when I got the canoe loaded that Pa. did not speak as highly of my toil as I expected he would have done. The man who sits in the canoe never appreciates the other fellow's work. As a matter of fact, I was ordinarily the drone and Pa. the hustler, but this aggravated the trial. The man who only works once a week and watches without a word of praise the toilers during the balance of the time expects more praise when he makes an effort than if he was bruising himself with labor all the livelong day without anything but a Sunday rest.

Another excursion we took while the Indians were carrying the stuff across the portage, was at the suggestion of the Genius. The Professor and Tomsing had gone down to fish below Cameron Falls, the Genius wanted to cross the river and go down to the lower rapids on the other side. Riley and I wanted to fish from the canal, so with him and Pa. as boatmen we crossed the smooth but swift and treacherous stream at a safe distance above the first rapids. After we landed the Genius, Riley and Pa. floated down stream a little way. They were not skilled canoeists and did not know the river, and as I can't swim or walk on the water, I protested. They said it was all right, but just then the Genius began to shout at us in a very vigorous way. Pa. told him not to get excited. I remarked that the Genius had been there before and knew the river. Pa. said he knew when he was safe and when he wasn't. Riley seemed undisturbed. The Lowland Scotch voice from the bushes in the bank grew more earnest, then wildly excited as the

Genius shouted, "Keep her hade up braythern, for Goad's sake keep her hade up braythern, or ye'll go doun the falls!"

They were not keeping her "hade" up worth a cent, her head was quietly slipping "doun" and the voice of one crying in the wilderness was growing frantic. At this point I stood up in the canoe and made a warm personal appeal to them to keep her "hade up." Pa. is soft voiced as a rule, but the way he told me to sit down would knock the teeth out of a bucksaw. I omitted to sit down for a second, I think I was too surprised to stir. He thereupon spoke to me in the same uncomplimentary tone of voice, a little louder if anything, and with a look in his eye that I hope he has never permitted his wife to see.

I sat down.

He wanted to know what in thunder—or words to that effect—I was trying to do? Did I want to tip over the canoe?

I answered meekly enough that I had thought of getting out and going the rest of the way afoot, but if he wanted me to stay to the funeral, I wouldn't be mean enough to break up the party.

He laughed a harsh, grating laugh. The grating in the laugh was as large and rude as the one in the sidewalk over the window of a coal cellar. Riley laughed too—just as soon as they managed to keep her "hade up"—but he was frightened. So was Pa. Probably I was the only who kept perfectly cool. However, I never went out with those fellows at the paddles again. Riley has an awfully mean laugh sometimes.

DON.

See particulars of our prize story competition on the editorial page (page 6). Do not be afraid to send in your contribution. If accompanied by your address an effort will be made to return you your manuscript, if rejected, though this is not promised.

A Day's Frog Fishing.

IN the whole lake there is no more enthusiastic fisherman than my friend Knockabout. In addition to his inordinate love of the sport he possesses the most marvellous luck. When he takes a party for a day's outing with rod and line he proves himself a veritable Mascot, consequently when he joined us in Muskoka late in August there was great rejoicing in the camp, for although Mrs. Knockabout had selected her guests irrespective of religious, temperance or political convictions, we were thoroughly unanimous in our tastes regarding a good, fresh fish.

Knockabout always laughs derisively when anyone tells him Muskoka has been fished out, and well he may, for during the two seasons he has been our host on Lake Rosseau I have never known him to return from a pull across the bay with a troll in hand without either a splendid pickerel or a five pound salmon trout.

Trolling is his forte. He invites some one to take the oars while he curls himself calmly in the stern, and over his countenance there settles the placid business like expression that a man wears when confident of success. I have always been under the impression that he believes in and demonstrates the theory of mind over matter, for some way or other the troll is rarely out more then ten minutes when Knockabout suddenly sits erect, into his eyes there leaps an expression such as I have seen champion oarsmen wear when their craft shoots between the flags, then there is a rapid twirl of hand over hand until the long line coils like a grey mat at his feet, a swish of sharp, quivering fins in the water, a gleam of silverish white, a final dash, splash, crash, and Knockabout has his prize flopping in the bottom of the boat.

He always smiles while he extracts the hook, but I don't recollect ever hearing him utter a word of triumph. Into the basket goes the fish, and without any comment he drops the troll over the gunwale, permits the line to slide slowly through his fingers, and back comes the aforesaid expression of placid confidence.

But one morning he arose filled with the desire of attempting a new enterprize. The previous night, as he was passing the mouth of Shadow River, his ever vigilant ear caught the baritone notes of bullfrogs and he instantly decided that they were "foemen worthy of his steel." At breakfast he mentioned his intention of going frog fishing. Mrs. Knockabout and I eagerly volunteered assistance for she had unquestionably epicurean tastes, and I had never eaten this manna of the ponds, and as novelty always has a great charm for me I immediately craved frog legs, so frog legs I must have.

With the unvarying intuition that characterizes the sportsman, Knockabout sneered at the idea of a bit of red flannel that is generally supposed to be such excellent bait for frogs. I believed in him too religiously to dispute the matter when he declared nothing would do but grasshoppers. So I induced the whole camp to turn out in quest of the agile insects that flip and buzz about the tents where you don't want them, but that elude you like the realization of your life dream when your main desire is to capture them. Until that morning I never felt the ravages of age. Let him who considers himself most supple and active, strive to pounce on a good fat grasshopper, particularly when the hopper has a premonition his tomb will be within a monster bullfrog. I shudder to recall the awful sprawls over jagged rocks—the terrible sensation of rooting I had when suddenly landed head foremost in a tangle of golden rod and Scotch thistle. Finally I remembered that "all things come to him who waits," so I sat meekly down and let the miserable, teasing little things skim into my lap and over my shoulders. It was a splendid scheme, the game was won, and in half an hour our host and hostess together with the fishing tackle, a big bottle of scratching, scrawling grasshoppers, and myself, were sailing among the reeds where Shadow River empties into the lake.

Shadow River! There it slept before us, its head pillowed on the gaunt grey bluffs that miles away lift their broken crests between a score of unsailed lakes, its feet bathed by the sleepless waters of isle-sprinkled Rosseau, Shadow River that mirrors with such perfect exactness the wee green fern, the broken branch, the invincible rocks, the kingly firs, just as affinity mirrors the passions of a sister soul, where heavenward pointing balsams lose their tips in a cloudland that drifts through miles of unattainable heights o'er head, of unsearchable depths beneath. Is it a type of the human soul as the Master gave it, like the upper heavenly air, the all enduring mighty hand, and have we defaced it by this sluggish stream of life, into nothing but a shadow that the touch of our own hand will mar—or that watchful guarding will keep in image of the divine? Or is it that the land and sky are as the hereafter, the reflection, artificial, unstable, transient as earth, and yet so exact a counterpart in loveliness that one must dip their finger in the stream to realize it is not the enduring shore, but evanescent shadow?

Lounging quietly in the bow I was fast forgetting the purpose for which we came, when Knockabout told us to "Sh-h-h-h," though nobody was speaking, and presently a contorted, kicking grasshopper dangled over my shoulder, and hung temptingly before a big, wide mouth that poked itself up among the weeds. The clap-trap cavern opened, the frog plunged, Knockabout gave a smart jerk, and high above our heads swung the fat, heavy "catch"—performing the most wonderful acrobatic feats I ever saw. Mrs. Knockabout protested vehemently when the game twirled round within an inch of her ear, and declined positively to take it off the hook, but she soon grew accustomed to the contortions of these singularly human looking creatures, and in a short time we were both professionals in the sport, rivalling Knockabout in dexterity even of baiting.

One can scarcely imagine the fascination of frog fishing, the search among the wet grasses and rushes for a big green head, the sneaking motion of the boat that is required to near the watchful monster as he sits contentedly on a flat lily leaf, or floats with all but his eyes submerged in the sluggish water. Oh, those uncanny eyes! Look where'er you may, it is not long before you spy two exaggerated looking humps set with unblinking red orbs. For many nights my dreams were haunted with myriads of floating eyes. Small wonder that on my second day's sport I had become a dabster at discovering frogs among the marshes. So familiar had I become with the sight of the ugly things, that wherever my gaze rested a pair of lumpy eyes seemed to appear, and it was with a vicious satisfaction that I hooked their owner and dumped him with his fellows into a bag to await the inhuman amputation act. As the morning waned Mrs. Knockabout grew very courageous, and with admirable bravery would swing aloft an emerald colored monster, and with pity adulterated by wonderment, watch his antics on the mimic trapeze. How long we would have dabbled among the fens is uncertain, had not a ravenous hunger—such as never assails one outside Muskoka—taken possession of us. To go without dinner after one o'clock was inhuman torture, so we pulled across to the camp where Knockabout was very gratified to empty the game bag of thirty splendid pair.

"It is a good catch—a jolly good catch," he remarked at tea time when a sizzling hot platter containing the broiled dainties was placed before him. "But"—turning to me, "I'll help you sparingly—you may not like them." He glanced at his wife, and they both watched me take my first mouthful, then my second, then my third. "Well?" They interrogated simultaneously. "We'll go frog fishing again to-morrow," I replied, as I passed my plate for a second helping.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"Why am I so foolish? Why need I blush so, like an awkward schoolgirl, whenever Mr. Lawrence looks at me?" Violet asked herself, when thinking of the incident afterward. "He is an old man—at least old enough to be my father, though he does not appear so, I believe"—a grave, thoughtful look overshadowing her face—"I will not ride any more at present, and I think that Bertha must begin her lessons again immediately."

Violet sighed regretfully as she arrived at this conclusion, for the last three or four weeks had been alluringly pleasant. But she realized that such a continuous round of pleasure, such an aimless, idle sort of life, was unfitting both herself and her pupil for the duties of life.

Accordingly, the very next morning she took matters into her own hands, beginning the lessons again as usual, and was in the midst of the hated multiplication table when Mr. Lawrence entered the room, with a new book in his hands.

He stopped abruptly upon the threshold when he perceived what was going on, a look of disappointment flitting over his face.

"Has Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, reasserted herself, and am I to be driven from her citadel?" he asked, in a playful, but regretful tone. "Are you sure that you are able to resume your work?" he concluded, searching Violet's face earnestly.

"Yes; I feel perfectly well," Violet replied; "and," she added, with energetic decision, "I know that Bertha's vacation has been long enough for the present."

"Very well, I will yield to your judgment in the matter," Mr. Lawrence courteously returned.

But Bertha appeared greatly disappointed at this decision, and somewhat inclined to display something of her old sulkiness and obstinacy.

"It is too bad!" she began, rebelliously.

"Hush, Bertha!" interrupted her father, authoritatively. "The very fact that you rebel against this decision proves to me that Miss Huntington is right, and so, from this time you will go on with your lessons as before."

"But you will take us driving this afternoon, will you not?" persisted the child.

"Yes, if you do your work faithfully. But, Miss Huntington," he added, "if you find that the confinement is too much for you, you must stop at once."

Violet thanked him for being so considerate, but said she felt sure that she should be able to go on without interruption; and then, bidding them good morning, Mr. Lawrence went away to his office.

It proved to be more difficult than she had imagined to take up her work again. Bertha was inattentive and restless, and Violet also found herself wishing the time away, and thinking more of the pleasant days just passed than of present duties.

"This will never do," she said, when the study hours for the day were over, and Bertha impatiently flew away to be ready for her ride, while she experienced a sensation of relief at being released from her duties. "I must not yield to such allurements, and there shall be no more of this self-gratification which so unsettles me for my work."

To resolve, with Violet, was the same as doing, and when the carriage came she sent down word that she had decided not to ride that afternoon, if Mr. Lawrence would excuse her; but a sigh of regret escaped her when she saw the spirited horses drive away, Bertha's left arm not yet being strong enough to admit of instrumental work—after which she devoted herself diligently, for another hour, to English literature.

Then she dressed herself for dinner, and went down to the table, at the usual hour, with a bright, cheerful face.

"Were you so wearied with your duties today that you could not ride, Miss Huntington?" Mr. Lawrence inquired, as she took her seat.

"Oh, no, sir, I am feeling perfectly well; I think it has done me good already to take up my work again. But I had something to do for myself which has long been neglected, so I thought it best to remain at home this afternoon." Violet answered, in a bright, animated tone that at once dispelled all the gentleman's anxiety on her account.

She then turned the subject, and adroitly managed to divert his attention from her physical condition during the remainder of the meal.

Lessons went on somewhat better the next day, but when the hour arrived for their ride again, Violet excused herself as before, upon the plea that Bertha was advancing so rapidly she must not delay any longer some shopping that was necessary for her to do.

Mr. Lawrence begged to be allowed to drive her down town to Arnold, Constable & Co.'s, or wherever she might wish to go; but she said her memorandum was not yet made out, and she would not detain him, and Bertha, becoming impatient to be on the way, they drove off without her.

Violet's list was not so long but that she soon made it out, and in less than twenty minutes after the departure of the others she tripped forth into the street, hailed a car at the nearest corner, and so made her first trip alone to the business portion of the city since her residence with Mr. Lawrence.

She proceeded directly to Arnold, Constable & Co.'s, where she made her purchases, which she ordered to be sent home, after which she sauntered up Broadway, having a curiosity to see something of the great thoroughfare of which she had heard so much, and knew so little.

She really enjoyed her liberty as she walked leisurely along, occasionally stopping to look in at the shop windows, pausing now and then to examine the pictures in some window, and greatly diverted as she went by watching the busy, hurrying throng.

On and on she walked, taking no note of time or distance, until something prompted her to turn into a wide and more quiet street on her left, and she wended her way slowly along, thinking how strangely it was to be there in New York and not know a single person, among its million of people, save those with whom she was living.

"It is almost like being an alien in a strange land," she murmured, a little sadly, while, for the first time during her residence there, a slight feeling of home-sickness came over her.

She had noticed in turning the corner that there was a large church near by, and she had thought to walk past it, and examine if possible what denomination worshiped there.

As she came opposite its spacious entrance she observed that some one was sitting upon one of the steps and leaning against a pillar.

A second glance told her that it was a man—heavy in form, gross in appearance, shabbily dressed, while he reclined there motionless, with his hat pulled far over, and mostly concealing his face.

Violet thought that he must be intoxicated and was probably sleeping off the effects of his potations, but just as she was passing him he lifted his hat and glanced sleepily at her out of his bleared and swollen eyes.

The effect of that glance was electrical, for the next moment he had sprung to his feet, a fearful imprecation bursting from his lips, his face, which but a minute before had been of a dusky red, suddenly blanching to the pallor of death, while he trembled visibly in every limb.

"Girl! girl! who, in Heaven's name, are you?" he demanded, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

Violet had not recognized him until he spoke; but now, with a sinking heart and a feeling of intense disgust, she saw that she was face to face with Wilhelm Mencke, her sister's husband, who, it was evident, had become a sot, and, if appearances did not deceive her, almost a beggar since she had saw him.

"Who are you? who are you?" he cried again, in a shrill, quavering voice, a look of fear and dread almost convulsing his features.

He afterward confessed that he believed himself to have been attacked with delirium tremens and haunted by Violet's ghost.

"I am Violet," the startled girl at last found voice to say.

"You lie!" the man cried, cowering before her as if she had struck him a blow; then he added in an awed, husky whisper, "Violet is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Violet, wonderingly.

"Yes, dead—and buried! I saw her laid in her grave with my own eyes," he reiterated, his staring eyes still riveted upon her face.

"That is not possible, Wilhelm," Violet answered. "I ran away from you and Belle because I did not wish to marry Lord Cameron; but I did not die. I went directly to Paris."

The man was shaking as if in an ague fit; his eyes were still frightfully wild, his whole attitude betraying excessive terror.

"No, no," he muttered. "Violet was buried at Mentone—I saw her—I know it!"

"You are mistaken, Wilhelm," Violet returned, as she began to have some inkling of the truth; "if any one is dead—if you have buried any one believing it to be me, it must have been that poor girl with whom I exchanged clothing."

"Ha! what is that you say?" cried the man with a start, and recovering himself somewhat at this statement, while he drew a little nearer his sister-in-law. "What 'poor girl' do you mean?"

"A peasant girl who was also running away from an unhappy home and a cruel father," Violet explained. "We met on the road not far from Mentone and she told me her story. I was so afraid of being seen and recognized that I persuaded her to let me have her costume in exchange for mine. Can it be that she is dead?" the young girl concluded sorrowfully.

"If, what you tell me is true, it must have been that girl," Mr. Mencke replied, pleased with the discovery that he was not a victim of delirium tremens and that Violet was not a spirit.

"How did she die?" she inquired, her mind still upon the unfortunate peasant girl, while tears started to her eyes at her sad fate.

"Drowned," Wilhelm Mencke said, laconically.

"Poor Lisette! How could it have happened?" cried Violet, in a horrified tone and growing very pale at the intelligence.

"She probably made a mistake in the cliffs and tumbled into the ocean," explained Mr. Mencke. "Her body was found four weeks afterwards, but it was so disfigured it could not be recognized, save by the clothing, which we knew was yours, and so of course concluded it must be you."

Violet shuddered. It seemed a horrible fate and yet it might have been hers. She wondered how she had managed to escape falling from those perilous cliffs as she made her way over that strange road in the darkness.

"Where is—Belle?" she asked, with some reluctance, after a few moments of sad thought.

"The devil knows—I don't," snapped the man angrily, a heavy scowl disfiguring his face.

Violet looked both astonished and disgusted at this rude reply.

"What do you mean, Wilhelm?" she asked, gravely, "and why do I find you here in such a plight?" glancing over his soiled and threadbare apparel.

He hesitated disagreeably at the question.

"You see me looking like a beggar because I am one," he answered, roughly.

"What do you mean?" she repeated.

"I am dead broke—that is all," sullenly.

"Do you mean that you have lost all your money and—mine, too?" Violet demanded, wonderingly.

"Every dollar of it."

"How?"

The man laughed uneasily, but, with an air of bravado he made first a motion as if he were shaking and throwing dice, then as if shuffling cards and she knew that he had gambled it away.

"What did you mean by saying that you do not know where Belle is?" Violet inquired, without making any comment upon the loss of her property, though she was astonished to learn that it was all gone.

"Just what I said," Wilhelm Mencke responded gruffly. "When she found I'd made way with all the money she denounced me in language more expressive than agreeable; said she never wanted to look upon my face again and much more of the same sort; so I took her at her word, cleared out, and haven't seen her since."

"When was that?" Violet asked.

"Last December."

"Where were you then?"

"In London."

"Do you think it probable that she has returned to America?"

"I cannot say. I only know that she made it so hot for me that I wanted to get into a cooler atmosphere and so I vamoosed," the man returned with a shrug of his huge shoulders and a suggestive leer. "I don't care if I never see her again," he added, with an oath.

Violet regarded him with more and more of repugnance—indeed, she was half afraid of him, in his present state, and wondered how it was possible for any one to fall so low in so short a time.

"Well, you've catechised me pretty thoroughly; now suppose you answer a few questions yourself," he remarked, drawing nearer to her, his fear having all vanished upon discovering her to be of real flesh and blood instead of an apparition. "When did you come to New York?"

"Last October."

"Where were you but ween May and October?"

"Most of the time in Paris."

"What were you doing there?"

"Studying music and French."

"Hadn't you had enough of that lingo!" sneered Wilhelm Mencke, who affected to despise the "chattering French people." "And were did you get money to pay your bills?"

"I had saved it from my allowance," said Violet.

"What was your object in studying there?"

"To fit myself for a teacher, so that I could take care of myself, for I never intended to go back to you and Belle."

"You didn't eh! Why not, pray?" he demanded, flushing.

"Because you were not kind to me," Violet said, tremulously, as a flood of painful memories rushed over her.

"Humph! What in thunder made you run away from that cheap you promised to marry?" the man asked, sharply. "Instead of having to work for your own living you would now be occupying one of the finest positions in England."

Violet's face grew very pale and sorrowful.

She could never recall those sad incidents and trials of her life without experiencing pain.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully. "I know that; but I know also that I should have been guilty of doing Lord Cameron the greatest wrong possible; so I ran away because Belle was determined that I should marry him, and there was no other way of escaping such a fate."

"But you promised him that you would marry him, and it was a shabby trick to break it and run away from him at the last moment."

"I do not think I ever did really promise," Violet said, thoughtfully. "It was more than half Belle's doing, and I was drawn into it before I was aware of it. At any rate, I felt that I should be committing sin——"

"Against whom—your old lover?" sneered Wilhelm Mencke, looking her keenly.

"Oh, no; for Wallace was dead, you know," Violet answered, sadly, but flushing slightly at the thought that he did not know of the sacred bond that had united them, "but I did not love Lord Cameron, and he was too good a man to be hampered with a loveless wife, so I thought it was better to run away at the last moment than to perjure myself and ruin his life."

Her companion eyed her keenly during this speech. It was evident to him that she had not yet learned the truth about Wallace being alive.

He did not intend to undeceive her regarding his supposed death, for he thought perhaps he might yet make profitable use of the fact of his existence, if he should ever meet the young man again.

"So you are really earning your own living!" he remarked, changing the subject and running his eye critically over her neat attire, while his fat shoulders shook with amusement at the idea; for in the old days in Cincinnati she had never been required to do anything for herself.

"Yes," Violet said, briefly.

"You look as if you fared pretty well, too," he added. "What are you doing?"

"Teaching. Do you suppose Belle has gone home to Cincinnati?"

The young girl suddenly and purposely changed the subject, for she did not wish to tell him any more about herself if she could avoid it.

"I don't know—nor do I care," the man returned, gruffly, and completing his sentence with some observation not very complimentary to Mrs. Mencke.

Violet flushed indignantly at his coarseness, but made no reply to it.

"Where are you teaching?" he inquired, persistently going back to that subject; "in the public schools?"

"No; I am giving private lessons in French and music," Violet said, after a moment of thought, and not thinking it necessary to tell him what else she was doing.

"Where do you live?"

Violet hesitated; but at length she said boldly:

"I would prefer not to tell you, Wilhelm. I have broken away altogether from my old life, and I have no desire to renew its former associations. It is a hard thing to say, perhaps, but you and Belle both have alienated yourselves of my affections by your unkind treatment. I sometimes think it is very strange—it does not seem as if an own sister could treat one so."

A peculiar gleam shot into Wilhelm Mencke's eyes at this, and his lips parted as if he was about to speak, but he checked himself; and Violet, not noticing it, went on:

"You say that people believe me to be dead—let them continue to think so; I am happier as I am, living among comparative strangers and in the independence of self-support, and I am doing no one any wrong by keeping my existence unknown. If you are living here in New York I hope we shall not meet again, and I do not wish you to try to discover my abode. I no longer owe you any obedience, for you have forfeited all right to any authority over me by your unkindness and the squandering of my property, and, though I suppose I might call you to account for it, I have no desire to do so. I simply ask you to let me alone."

(To be continued.)

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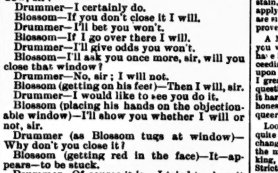
The Mosquito's Song.



"I stood on the bridge at midnight."—*Life.*

On the Train.

Blossom (to Drummer sitting by open window)—Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying.

Drummer (pleasantly)—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.

Blossom—I wish you would close it, sir.

Drummer—Would like to accommodate you, but I can't.

Blossom—Do you refuse to close that window, sir?

Drummer—I certainly do.

Blossom—If you don't close it I will.

Drummer—I'll bet you won't.

Blossom—If I go over there I will.

Drummer—I'll give odds you won't.

Blossom—I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?

Drummer—No, sir; I will not.

Blossom (getting on his feet)—Then I will, sir.

Drummer—I would like to see you do it.

Blossom (placing his hands on the objectionable window)—I'll show you whether I will or not, sir.

Drummer (as Blossom tugs at window)—Why don't you close it?

Blossom (getting red in the face)—It—appears—to be stuck.

Drummer—Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in.—*Life.*

They've Got Home from the Country.

"Why, is that you?" cries the first woman as they meet on the street.

"And is that you?"

"Just got home?"

"Yes."

"So'd I. Have a good time?"

"Beautiful?"

"So'd I. Splendid time. What'd you see?"

"Everything."

"So'd I. Gain any?"

"Five pounds."

"So'd I. Baby sick?"

"Yes."

"So was mine. Have any mosquitoes?"

"Lots."

"So'd I. Hate to come home?"

"Yes."

"So'd I. Make lots of friends?"

"Yes."

"So'd I. I just cried when I left. Did your trunks get smashed?"

"Yes."

"So did mine. Isn't it horrid? Did your dresses wrinkle?"

"Awfully."

"So'd mine. Got a girl yet?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Isn't it dreadful? Well, good-by."

"Good-by."—*Detroit Free Press.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

AUGUSTA J.—See Eleanor.

DORETTA.—Vanity, some resolution, much languor and carelessness.

PAGAN.—Ambition, ostentation, order, self-will and much hope and sincerity.

PICK.—Self-conceited, hasty in temper, affectionate, vain, generous and decisive.

ROSALIE.—Order, frankness, unselfishness and indecision are exhibited by your writing.

ELEANOR.—You are probably generous, sympathetic, careless, rather thoughtless and sincere.

POPPIE.—Your writing denotes order, selfishness, prudence, timidity, some vanity and economy.

BASHFUL.—Your writing shows warmth of heart and a generous nature, but far too much indecision.

PERT.—Energetic decision, precision, self-esteem, ambition and sensitiveness are shown in your writing.

ARCHANGE.—Generous, vivacious, persevering and loquacious. Address—Correspondence Column SATURDAY NIGHT.

H. AMHERST.—Your writing displays tact, generosity, some strength of purpose, considerable vanity and cordiality.

IRISH, Guelph.—Cordiality, dexterity, judicious firmness, tireless energy and perseverance are shown by your writing.

MISS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are doubtless self-reliant, a little selfish and inclined to be despondent, cautious and sincere.

REBECCA ROCKWOOD.—Your writing shows generosity, carelessness, obstinacy, good intuitive perception and imagination.

GLADYS M.—You are thoughtless, flippant, a little selfish and unchartitable, ambitious, but not decisive, and a little too indolent.

ROSE.—You are ambitious, enthusiastic in all undertakings, rather prudent, orderly and possessed of tact and vivid imagination.

ZELLA.—Writing is that of a self-willed and eccentric girl, with great pride and reliance, much strength of purpose and inclination to jealousy.

YCCA, Niagara-on-the-Lake.—You are, doubtless, enduring, possessed good executive, are rather sympathetic, slightly self-assertive, energetic and ambitious.

ARNIE ROONEY AND HER SISTER.—Writing exhibits order, delicacy of feeling, sympathetic nature, others, shrewd, economical, reserve and tact, with some self-reliance.

THREE JOLLY CHUMS, Belleville.—You must send more than four names scrawled on a bit of paper. Half-a-dozen lines are plenty, but a name is only a slight guide.

ESSEX.—I should judge you to be cheerful, uncontentious, no ambitious, self-assertive and inclined to be altogether unselfish. You are probably sincere and sympathetic.

H. B. NORMAN, Barrie.—Cheerfulness, considerable prudence, economy, a strong sense of order, good self-control, considerable vivacity of manner and speech, and simplicity of tastes.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Thomas.—Your writing exhibits self-esteem, a careless and fun-loving nature, sincerity, some obstinacy and loquacity. Your friends must write more than their names.

TRINIDAD.—Your answer was probably in the fourth issue, but I cannot say. I have no recollection of the name. The writing shows sensitiveness, decisive will, order, caution and perseverance.

LITTLE, BUT O MY!—A man who does not fulfil promises is not to be trusted. Unfortunately he may be of the best, but his lack of executive ability makes him a weak tool in the hands of circumstances.

DUCHESS, Hamilton.—Your last letter could not have reached me. The writing shows prudence, with rather too much shrewdness in arriving at decisions. You are probably unostentatious and not overly sympathetic.

MAX R., Barrie.—Energy, self-esteem, ambition, perseverance and considerable jealousy and much order are exhibited by your writing. 2. There are many methods. You might write to some doctor for addresses and particulars.

BERTHA.—No, I cannot see much force of character in the writing enclosed. It shows ambition, certainly, but not a very high one, and the indecision and timidity clip the wings of the soaring spirit. I would think him sincere, but very care ess.

BROOKLYN.—Your complaint seems to be resting on a very reasonable foundation. I will wait it out to the high dignitaries, and trust you will find some improvement. 2. Writing shows resolution, order, caution, reserve, genialness and generosity.

THE VIXEN.—You are probably impulsive, tender hearted, quick of temper, ambitious and rather jealous. 2. The definition of a flirt has been so often discussed that I am afraid you must be quite wearing or earnestly. I think it is as those who win love by making false pretences of regard.

LIDA PEARL, Bar ie.—A girl of eighteen summers and winters, should wear her hair in a octagon braid, or else in narrow basket plaits pinned tightly, and arranged in a circle. 2 No, she should not go out much. 3. Delicacy of thought, firmness, considerable regard for the conventionalities, vivacity and good intentions.

HEZEKIAH.—The direction of your query has interested me very much and I will do everything in my help you if I could. If you choose to send me an addressed envelope, I will write you some "remarks" on the subject which may prove useful. The writing shows self-reservation, much energy sincerity, originality, good executive and self esteem.

GRETA.—You are wise, I think, to admire Scott's novels, but I do not consider that altogether a result of your Scottish parentage. If you were enraptured with Burns' songs, it would be more conclusive evidence. 2. Your planes may be dyed, and will look quite well after the process, but do not have the hat black. Get a pretty wide-brimmed felt of soft old blue, and trim with a quill of velvet and your feathers.

THE MISSING LINK, Woodstock.—Am so glad you are located at last. 2. If you met at the house of a mutual friend you would be justified in recognizing your partner at cards, even though an introduction had been neglected. 3. Better let your mother ask him. 4. Do not be so foolish as to bleach your hair. Golden hair is now the fashionable, and your own brown tresses will be sure to suit your face much better.

DEVILKIN.—Carelessness, merriment, ambition and erratic temperament are indicated by your writing. 2 Use almond meal in the water in place of soap. If you can wear gloves at night you may use some white of egg salve. The best, cheapest and most harmless, because pure, is milk of a whitewashed cow of freshly-powdered mutton tallow. Melt it then beat until a little cool, add a teaspoonful of glycerine and two of rose-water, beat again until it forms a thick paste, and box for use.

BELLA W., London.—Hot tallow poured upon an ink stain will cause its removal to the wash, if the material be linen or cotton. If white wool, salts of lemon will take it out by applying it in a liquid form with a brush, and sponging the material with clear water directly after. If the damaged fabric be colored woolen, throw common salt upon the stain, and lift it off with a knife, as soon as it becomes dark, applying the salt so long as it is colored by the ink. These are simple remedies, and have, to my certain knowledge, proved effectual.

A MAIDEN IN BROWN.—I am afraid, my little friend, that you would be doing wrong. In similar cases, of which I have had knowledge, trouble has resulted from such proceedings. The confidence was so hard to keep. If you act upon your impulse—and it is quite a natural proceeding—I greatly fear a estrangement may be the young lady in question. This is quite candid, and, though you may think it hard, please remember that I speak from experience, and honestly wish to aid you. If you write again keep your queer little pseudonym.

LOOD-LIGHT.—A conversation contest is very often quite amusing. Topics are arranged and the patients are changed at an appointed time. Votes are then given and the most successful lady and gentleman are guests and king, for the time being, of the art of conversation. 2. Merely speaking, it is not a recognized proceeding, but if there is no objection made by your mother I should not say you are in the wrong. 3 It would be better to ask a friend is to be polite enough. 4. The tongue will blacken the skin. 5. I could not give you the address of any person possessing the ability you mention. Your writing exhibits intuitive perception, an inventive temperament, some carelessness, self-reliance and vanity.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The photograph enclosed is that of a lady of great self-reliance, considerable pride, clear caution and sincerity, the forehead retentive memory and fair reasoning powers, the nose fact, the mouth impulse and loquacity, while the chin is firm enough to balance the heedlessness of the mouth and the warmth of temper shown in the eyebrows. He is probably inclined to see affairs in their worst light. 2 Always down in left hand, and always up to right. 3 All dentists are not doctors of dentistry. An extra examination and extra fee entitle them to the "Dr." before their names. 4. You are not indebted in the least, and I shall be pleased to assist you whenever I can. 5. Writing indicates amiability, strength of purpose, good executive ability, concentrativeness and sanguine temperament. Have destroyed the portrait.

The Color He Preferred.

Architect—Have you any suggestions for the study, Mr. Quickrich?

Quickrich—Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I understand, are generally found in a brown study.

A Business Operation.

Editor—Here's a fellow who has sent in his first poem.

Proprietor—Run it in, by all means. He is sure to buy a hundred copies to send to his friends.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SAVOY HOTEL
Victoria Embankment
LONDON
"The Hotel de Luxe of the World."
MAGNIFICENT RIVER VIEW
LUXURIOUS SUITES WITH
BATH ROOMS
SHADED ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERYWHERE. NO GAS.
SAVOY RESTAURANT
WITH LARGE TERRACE. THE FINEST AND ONLY OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT IN LONDON, Overlooking the Embankment and Gardens.
THE CUISINE RIVALS THE MOST FAMOUS CONTINENTAL AND AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.
Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER.
Acting Manager, M. ECHENARD.
(Late Manager M. RITZ.)

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills invaluable in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, *is undoubtedly the* BEST.
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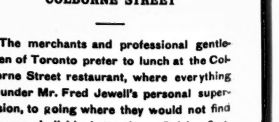

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JEWELL & KINNEAR

BLIND FATE.

BY MRS ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing Ot," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER V.

"THE DETECTIVE'S STORY."

The day described in the last chapter was a very busy one to Standish, but in the late afternoon he managed to call on Callander.

Standish was a good deal annoyed to hear that he had gone out of town for a couple of days—where, the waiter did not know. Neither poor nor clerk could give him any information; only Boots knew that the direction given to the driver of the cab called for him was to Victoria.

Standish mused over Callander's possible reasons for choosing that route. He did not know of any which recommended it, for it was not likely he would visit either of the friends who resided near the lines converging at that station—true, Eastport and Fordsea could be reached by the South Coast Line; but why should he not travel as usual by the South-Eastern via Waterloo?

Arriving at his chambers only in time to dress for dinner, Standish was a good deal disturbed by a letter which awaited him from Dillon.

"Sir," it ran; "I should feel much obliged by your fixing some time most convenient to yourself, when you can give me an uninterrupted interview. I have now completed the search you commissioned me to make and I am anxious to lay the results before you. For can then judge what claim I have to the reward offered by the relatives of the late Mrs. Callander for the discovery of her assassin. May I ask you to keep this communication strictly private for the present?

"I am, yours respectfully,

"LUKE DILLON."

After a few minutes' thought, Standish wrote a few lines, appointing the following evening at eight o'clock.

The dinner to which he was engaged proved very agreeable in every way. It was a small gathering of men occupied in politics, and the conversation was interesting, especially to Standish, to whom everything relating to England's foreign relations was of the highest importance. But across the intellectual excitement of interchanging views and ideas with men of thought and information came at intervals the stinging question: "What is Dillon going to reveal? Can it be possible that he will verify Dorothy's wild conjecture, or rather her conviction? No, the idea is too outrageous."

It was a wild, stormy evening when Standish, having despatched a solitary meal at his club, returned to his own abode to wait the appearance of Dillon.

He had not called at Princes Place, for he had an unaccountable reluctance to tell Dorothy of his expected interview, and he knew that Henrietta would worry him to stay to dinner.

He had had a note from her in the morning, describing her aunt's nervous seizure, and asking if he knew that Colonel Callander had gone out of town again. This he answered, promising to visit her the next day.

"Not at home to anyone except Mr. Dillon," was Paul's order to his servant as he exchanged his frock coat for a smoking jacket, and, lighting a cigar, took up an evening paper, to which he could not force himself to pay any attention. He had not long to wait. A few minutes after eight Dillon was shown in.

"Good evening, sir," he said, in a grave, important tone.

Standish fancied there was a triumphant gleam in his light-gray eyes.

"Good evening, Dillon. I am looking forward with curiosity to your communication. Sit down."

"Hope you'll be satisfied, sir," said Dillon, drawing a chair, and taking out a small note-book, which he laid before him on the table. "I have done my best, but it has been a difficult job, and I did not feel at liberty to speak until I had my chain of evidence complete. If you'll allow me I'll begin at the beginning." He uttered a loud "Hem!" and looking at the book before him for a moment, proceeded, "When you applied to me last September—the 20th, I see," (Standish nodded)—"and I went down to Fordsea, I found the usual sentimental difficulties. I could get over these, you see, if I were a regular police detective, but as it was I was in your service, and must not go to view the poor lady till everything was interfered with. But I persuaded the old Nurse (who had more brains than the rest) to let me have a very private view. I saw how the body lay, she had a good deal bent forward as if slipping off the pillow, the face so calm and peaceful that she could have had no glimpse of whoever was going to deal her her death blow. I took a good look round; but I could not stay long, because Mrs. M'Hugh was horribly afraid the Colonel would find her out, and he had given strict orders that no one but the woman who attended to her should be let in after the jury had viewed the body."

He paused, but Standish sat silently gazing at him.

"I got a good deal of information talking to the servant girls till I knew the life of the family, which seemed peaceful and happy enough," he resumed, "and at the funeral I had a long look at Mr. Egerton. He struck me very particularly. He's as handsome a man as you'll see in a day's march. But there was a devil of some kind in his eyes, and if ever a man was in mortal agony of grief he was. The husband was quiet and resigned compared to him. Mr. Egerton looked to my mind like a man conscience-stricken. Of course I had heard a good deal about him—how he was wanting to marry the young lady, Mrs. Callander's sister, and all that. But it seemed odd to me that he never came near her nor Miss Oakeley. Then you gave me full right to examine the room, to put the ladder across the window, and to talk to Miss Wynn. You remember she thought she had heard the bar of the window fall. Well, sir, I saw clear enough that she thought there was more in it than a mere vulgar murder with robbery, and that she was particularly anxious not to give me a clue; in short, that there was something in it she didn't want me to find out, and I began to smell a rat. I began to think 'Has the handsome fine gentleman, that has been like a brother in a manner of speaking, anything to do with it?' Jealousy has been at the bottom of such a pile of crime."

Standish moved uneasily, and uttered a half-articulate exclamation. "You were saying——!" suggested Dillon.

"Nothing. Did you then discard the theory of the sailor's guilt in the matter?"

"Yes, sir; pretty soon. I'm coming to that. Then, sir, I thought of you. You are a good-looking, kind, and easy to manage, sort of like a Amurikan, and the widower's reluctance to see you was rather remarkable; but I didn't hold to that very long. Widowers don't get speak to the young lady often enough. She knew a thing or two, but she was as close as wax. I gave up the idea of the Spanish officers for good many reasons. First, how the deuce could these men know that Colonel Callander was not sleeping in his wife's room? They couldn't gossip with the servants, for they didn't speak their lingo; next, how could they know where the ladder was kept? Of course, they might have overhauled the premises some other night, but it's not likely. Then, I defy any stranger to have lifted up that bar and stepped in right against that dressing table without making noise enough to disturb a timid woman, unless she knew who was making it, and that is not a pleasant nor a probable idea."

"My God, no!" cried Standish.

"Now, you see, from the way the poor thing was lying, her face was to the window, a stranger coming in by it and pushing the dressing-table must have roused her. She would have seen him, screamed, and, even if killed, her face, her position, would have been totally different."

"To what conclusion does this lead you?" asked Standish, eagerly.

"That the murderer entered by the door of her room; that his step, his presence, was so familiar that he moved unsuspectedly and touching her without creating disturbance or alarm, and then as she lay, still and unrealizing, he struck her dead with one blow in the vital spot left undefended by her position."

Standish was a man of great nerve and self-control, but he changed color at the horrible and degrading suspicion so ruthlessly presented to him by the unmoved detective.

"No, sir," he resumed, "no stranger struck that blow! In addition to these conclusions which any man of common-sense might have arrived at, I observed, on the outside of her door, a little splash, a mere spark, of blood, low down near the floor, and a speck near the handle, which those dunderheads, the police, had not detected. You see, they were all so taken up with the notion that the murderer came in from outside, that they never looked beyond the interior of the room itself, except to search the poor servants' boxes. I believe Besides these, I picked up, half under the bed, where no doubt, it had been pushed by some of the feet that trod there, this bit of a silver ornament." He drew it from an inner pocket, and laid it before Standish, who stared at it with distressed eyes.

"You don't happen to have seen it before, Mr. Standish?"

"No, certainly not," replied Standish, sharply, while he thought with dismay of Dorothy's description of the broken silver shell with the half-holes at one side.

"Well, sir, I thought you might have seen it. I showed it once to Miss Wynn, and she said she had never seen it before, though her eyes didn't back her up! That little bit of silver has given me a heap of trouble, for I have hunted to and fro to find the other bit of it, but I did at last."

"For God's sake get on!" cried Standish. "What have you discovered? Who do you suspect?"

"Hear me out," replied Dillon, sitting upright, and assuming a more professional look. "I made up my mind when I rubbed away those sparks of blood, that someone in the house did the deed, someone to whom the poor lady was accustomed, whose presence did not disturb her, or frighten her, who could come in and out, and knew the ways of the place, where the ladder was kept, and how that it would be before anyone would come to find her stiff and stark! Those strange sailors would never have dared to come into a house with a master and two men sleeping in it. No, sir; the hand that struck the blow was her husband's!"

"You are raving!" exclaimed Standish.

"No, I am not, sir. Listen. From many a trifling indication I got out of Collins, and the old nurse, I believe the unfortunate man was eaten up with jealousy. The more I watched him—and I have shadowed him for months—the more convinced I grew, that, in some mad fit, he put an end to her, and then tried to mislead us all by laying that ladder on to the window-ledge!"

"It is impossible!" ejaculated Standish.

"No, it ain't! Jealousy is the undermining-est thing out. It works like rats through a wall, gnawing and gnawing for many a long day unheard, till all one's ugly heart rises out to the light to kill and to destroy! Ah, Mr. Standish, the biggest lot of cruel deeds I have traced home took me straight to jealousy!"

Standish stared at him with blank, bewildered eyes.

"Well, though I was pretty sure it was he as did the deed, it was very hard to get proof. I followed him pretty close; whenever he went I was by him in some disguise or another, and an awful time he has had of it. From all I can see, I'd say hanging is a trifle to what he has gone through! Still, I could never get a glimpse of any knife that had ornaments on the sheath answering to this. Another thing puzzled me—he always kept in with Egerton. I got to see Egerton more than once, but he was uncommon haughty and snuff-the-moon in his ways. I wasn't good enough to touch with a pair of tongs—Oh, dear no! I'd have rather proved him guilty than the other poor fellow. Latterly I've begun to think he suspects the truth. Anyhow, after waiting and watching, I got what I wanted at last.

"When Colonel Callander came back from the Continent the other day, I began to hang about, and pay a visit now and again to that respectable, civil-spoken man, Mr. Collins, and one morning I found him packing up the colonel's duds, so I sat down and had a chat with him, watching him sorting the things. Presently he came to pistols, and a queer, long, narrow, foreign-looking knife, with an ivory handle, and shell-like bits of silver stuck on to the sheath. It was uncommon like the queer sort of weapons hung up in Mrs. Callander's room, but the ornaments were different. I took it to the light to examine it, with my back to Mr. Collins, and tried this bit where one of the ornaments ought to be and broken. It fitted perfectly, thoroughly!"

"Still——" urged Standish, starting up, and moving restlessly to the fireplace.

"One moment," said Dillon, raising his hand. "The man who had seen the figure carrying the ladder, I ought to mention, in coming out with me, said it was a broader, larger man than Egerton, though about his height. Last of all, he continued, speaking more quickly, "I followed the Colonel to Fordsea, where he wandered about on land and sea. He was always going off in a boat with that old tar—you know him!—or else he'd be off, striding on that great way as no keeping up with him, to the little churchyard by the hill-side, with a basket of flowers for the grave. At last I hired a dog-cart, and used to drive past as if quite on my own business. He never noticed! Twice I saw him outside groping under some gorse bushes that grew above the low wall. You know the wide view there is all around. Not a soul was to be seen stirring. I drove past, and waited under a piece of broken bank a little further on. I told the boy I had with me to hold the reins, as I wanted to gather some of the ferns about there, and I gradually got my head over the bank, and saw the Colonel coming slowly down the road. I watched till he disappeared on his way back, then I went on picking 'specimens' here and there till I came pretty nigh where I had watched him stooping down. Not a soul was to be seen. Down I was in the autumn years were used to be bits of boys herding sheep and goats, but there were none now. When I got about the part where I had noticed the Colonel I looked well round under the bushes, and at last I came upon a spot where the grass looked a bit disturbed and mixed with mould, as if someone had been digging for roots. I took the bearings of it, and went away back to Fordsea with enough leaves and twigs to set up a botanist. Very early next morning I found the colonel was going off to London, so I bought a trowel, and then I watched him start off in the train. As soon as I saw him safe I trudged away to the place I had marked. I would take no one with me. It was easy to dig, for the soil had been lately stirred, and scarce a foot below the surface I came to a gold chain and locket, then a bracelet, then I picked out three or four rings, then a gold bangle, all messed with mould. There are more there, but these are enough for me."

He took a brown paper parcel from his pocket, and, opening it carefully, displayed the trinkets, soiled and bent.

Standish took up and examined each. He was stunned, yet did not let himself go. Dillon was not the man to whom one should make an unadvised admission.

"Your extraordinary ingenuity has unearthed an extraordinary story," he said at length. "The circumstantial evidence against Colonel Callander is of course very strong, but it is not conclusive."

"Perhaps not," returned Dillon carelessly; "still I think there is enough to justifiably in applying to the Eastport magistrates for the reward and detailing my reasons for asking it."

"No doubt," replied Standish, mentally seeing Dillon's drift, while the revolting consequences of publicity rushed into his mind.

"The arrest of Colonel Callander, the terrible stain on Mabel's character which his fatal jealousy, however unjustifiable, would leave, and backed by Mrs. Callander's evil tongue it would be indelible—and Dorothy! Whatever it cost, Dorothy must be saved from further shocks, deeper pain even than any she had gone through.

"I do not suppose Colonel Callander's family would wish to rob you of a reward which you have so justly earned by your zeal and perseverance, though certainly I little anticipated the curious direction your inquiries have taken. Your own experience must have shown you how overwhelming circumstantial evidence very often is. Further search might show a different side to the story. Suppose I promise you another thousand if, by your talent and skill and natural acuteness, you discover any other solution to the mystery?"

"There is no other to be found. Still there is no reason why the true facts should not be kept dark, and all notoriety, and scandal, and sensational paragraphs avoided. It's worth paying a second thousand for that alone. Eh? Just think of it all. The assertions about the Colonel's discoveries, the contradictions and counter-assertions. Why it would be months and months before that nice young lady would be able to take up a paper."

"Very probably," returned Standish, still calmly. "It is natural to dread such publicity; still, it may be more just to Colonel Callander to pursue your researches and see if some key cannot be found to the extraordinary riddle your discoveries present."

"Look here, Mr. Standish," said the detective impatiently, "you are a little too exacting. Why should I work harder for that second thousand than I have done? The more we seek, the worse the case will be against your friend. The best piece of service you can do him and all the family is to keep it all dark. I don't believe the poor fellow is quite right in the upper story. Take a day to think over it, and if you'll be good enough to seal my lips with a second thousand, why I'll make sure of the first through the magistrates of Eastport."

"You are mad," began Standish, quickly, then paused half a second, and added: "a remarkably shrewd fellow!"

"Ay, that is better!" returned Dillon with an unpleasant laugh. Anyhow, I suppose you have seen these things before?" pointing to the jewels.

"Some of them, certainly," replied Standish.

"I thought so." He began to roll them up carefully. "I need not trespass any longer. I'll call to-morrow about this matter for your answer. I'm pretty sure what it will be. I think you are only wasting time."

He put his book and the packet of jewels in his breast pocket, and, with a keen, lingering look into the eyes of his companion, said abruptly:

"Good evening to you, Mr. Standish."

Paul had rarely felt so stunned and helpless as when the door closed on Dillon, and the strong grasp he had kept upon himself relaxing, he let his thoughts dwell freely on the extraordinary summary which the detective had just laid before him. What a hideous climax to the dismal tragedy of poor Mabel's death! And Callander, that kindly, upright, chivalrous fellow, what a mental wreck he must have become, how maddened by disease and his mother's insinuations, before he could have laid a destroying hand on his adored wife!

Paul's heart thrilled with painful pity, when he thought of what the man's terrible sufferings must have been! But was Dillon right in his conclusion? Was there not a loophole of escape somewhere from the ghastly conviction that Callander was the murderer? and that he should have suspected him—Paul—of having the base as to tamper with his own ward's fidelity to her husband!

"Thank God! Dorothy had the pluck to clear me from so vile an imputation," he thought, "else Callander would fulfil his promise of writing to me! No! I will not believe it yet, in spite of that man's wonderful chain of evidence. Yet it is amazingly complete, and somehow Callander's extraordinary indifference as to the capture of the assassin had always struck me as unnatural! What is best to be done? If a whisper gets out of the true story (if it is true)—the scandal-mongers and gossips won't leave that poor girl a shred of character! The worst of it is, there is just enough folly and weakness at the bottom of this disastrous story to make it a little difficult to deal with frankly—I am afraid we must silence Dillon. I will only do so under colour of extended search for information. I will admit I believe his inferences, his admission! It was to the brute's devilish interest to prove poor Callander guilty!—and Dorothy! What shall I do regards Dorothy—how shall I ever break the terrible fact that her brother-in-law, the man she loved and respected so heartily, was Mabel's murderer? Need she ever know it? I am afraid in justice to that scoundrel Egerton I must tell her, some day, but not yet! This frightful trial has told upon her. She is a brave heart, and a clear brain, sheathed in her slight delicate frame. Poor little Dorothy, how tender she is in spite of the flashes of fiery spirit that light up her eyes—such a loving nature. Her frank affection to me is touching. I wish I were older for her sake, I might be more worthy to her, but as that cannot be, I wonder if I married Henrietta Oakeley whether we might make a happy home for her? They are very fond of each other, and Henrietta is rather handsome, a good match in many ways. How can I branch off to merely selfish considerations with this dreadful history fresh before us? that explains why we are—I am! I will run down to Fordsea if I possibly can to-morrow, and see Callander. Meantime, is it too late to see Dorothy and Henrietta to-night? Yes, it is past ten. I'll catch them at breakfast to-morrow morning and say I am going to join Callander and bring a friend back with me, that will keep them quiet, and after—well, God knows. It is impossible to form any plan. Heaven grant me some good inspiration! everything looks woefully dark.

Dorothy had not yet come downstairs when Standish presented himself at Miss Oakeley's breakfast table next morning.

"Why, Paul—I mean, Mr. Standish—what in the world brings you here at this unearthly hour?" cried Henrietta, who was sitting at one of the hearth-rug before a bright coal and wood fire, teaching a beautiful fluffy Yorkshire terrier the principle in the guise of a lump of sugar when offered for a "Gladstone dog."

"I ought to make a thousand apologies," returned Standish. "I am going down to Fordsea, just to see what Callander is about, and as I cannot get away till the afternoon, I thought I would venture to look in on you first."

"I am delighted to see you, and very pleased you are going to look for that poor man. Do try and induce him to come abroad and to keep with us. The way he wanders about is quite alarming. Dorothy has not made her appearance yet. She is generally late, poor thing! She is always so mournful. It is really rather trying. I think she would feel more comfortable if we could find the wretched murderer and hang him!"

"Hush!" said Standish, quick and low.

"Here she is!" Henrietta's heedless words sent a cold thrill of pain through him.

When Dorothy found herself face to face with Standish, her large serious eyes lit up, and a welcoming smile gladdened her sad mouth. "How early you are, Paul! Has anything happened?" the sweet lips drawing away. "You look as if you had not slept all night—so ill and worn!" gazing anxiously in his face.

"I am all right, Dorothy; only, as I have been explaining to Miss Oakeley, I intend to run down to Fordsea, if I can manage it, this afternoon, and I wanted to see you first."

"Sit down and have some breakfast, both of you. Collins, lift the covers," cried Miss Oakeley.

"It is curious, your coming this morning," said Dorothy, unfolding her table napkin. "I think some fairy must have whispered that I had a letter for you."

"For me! Who from?" asked Standish, surprised.

"Oh, I did not read it, but it was enclosed in one from Miss Boothby, who said she did not know your address."

"From Miss Boothby!" exclaimed Standish. "This is most astonishing." He opened it, and had a little difficulty in keeping his face quite steady and unchanged when he read:

"Dear sir,—I am directed by Mrs. Callander to beg you will not hesitate to draw upon her, even to a large amount, should you require funds for the use of Colonel Callander, in connection with the late distressing event.

"I am, sir, yours, faithfully,

"C. BOOTHBY."

"The unhappy old woman knows the truth," was Paul's mental comment."

"What does she say? Don't be mysterious, Mr. Standish," cried Henrietta Oakeley.

Dorothy did not speak, but she fixed such questioning, tender, sympathising eyes on her guardian that he longed to open his heart to her.

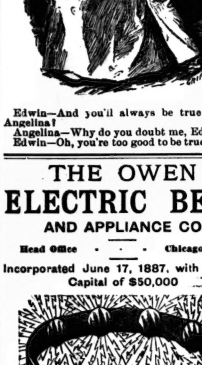
"There is very little in it. There, read it, Dorothy." She took it from his hand and read it aloud.

"Well, really, my aunt is more of a trump than I believed," said Henrietta exultingly.

"There is something rather strange about this letter," said Dorothy thoughtfully.

"Let us believe, with Miss Oakeley, that her aunt is a trump," he returned, and applied himself to his breakfast.

(To be Continued.)



Edwin—And you'll always be true to me, Angelina?

Angelina—Why do you doubt me, Edwin?

Edwin—Oh, you're too good to be true.—*Life.*

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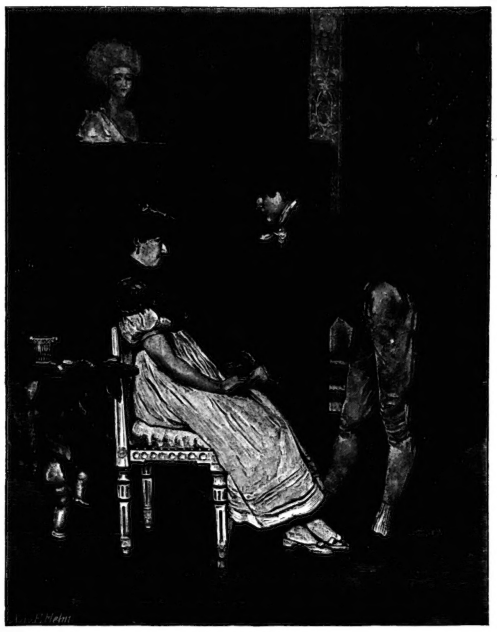

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I was talking with the night clerk in a Cincinnati hotel when the 'bus backed up and a late passenger got down and came in. He had on a silk hat and a fine suit of clothes, and carried a handsome portmanteau. I seized him up for a diamond agent, and from the way he carried his baggage I believed there was quite a load in it.

"Good evening."

"Good evening."

"Will you place this bag in your safe and give me a receipt for it?"

"No, sir."

"What!"

"I said no, sir."

"Do you mean to say that you won't care for my property?"

"I do, sir."

"This is an insult!" choked the stranger.

"Yes."

"And if you were out here I'd knock you down for your impudence!"

The clerk opened the gate and walked out and hit the stranger on the ear and then kicked him out. The satchel fell to the floor and the shock opened it, and out rolled an old shirt, a pair of socks, three or four brickbats, and an ancient paper collar. The clerk threw it after the man, who picked it up and dusted.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"A professional hotel beat."

"How did you know it?"

"By his trying to make himself solid before he had registered. All the high-rollers work the same line. He'd have squeezed us for about $30."—*N. Y. Sun.*

See particulars of our prize story competition on the editorial page (page 6). Do not be afraid to send in your contribution. But accompanied by your address an effort will be made to return you your manuscript, if rejected, though this is not promised.

A Long-Felt Want.

Newcomb—It must be a pretty hard struggle for you to support a family of eighteen children.

Kidder—Oh, I make 'em pay their way. Hire 'em out to childless people who want to take the children to the circus to see the animals.

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The customary fall opening of this well known establishment took place on Wednesday last and was a greater success than any of their former openings. During the summer Morison & Co. have doubled the size of their premises by the addition of the store at the south side No. 216, a move made necessary by their ever increasing business, and which enables them to display their fine stock to greater advantage. In their exhibit of imported mantles they present a larger and more varied assortment than ever before, embracing all the latest novelties. They have also added a large stock of children's mantles. A well-stocked staple department has been added which contains choice lots of tablings, shirtings, sideboard scarfs etc.; and also a dressmaking department for children from five to twelve years of age, which includes as well the making of ladies' mourning wrappers and dressing jackets. The dress goods department shows some beautiful novelties in French combination dresses, a large stock of rough diagonal clothes and tweeds and some lovely patterns in French brocade silks, also a large assortment of gloves, hosiery and an excellent display of corsets. The store was decorated with plants supplied by S. Tidy & Co.

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SECOND ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT

On which occasion several of his Pupils will appear, whose names will be found in the Programme. He will be also kindly assisted by the following distinguished artists: Mme. F. D'Auria, Soprano; Miss Louie Gordon, Pianist; Signor Guiseppe Discili, Violoncello. Conductor, Sig. Ed. Rubini. Reserved seats 75c. and 50c. Admission 25c.
Tickets now ready at Nordheimers', or at Signor Rubini's residence, 7 Metcalfe Street, Toronto.

Grand Opera House

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

SATURDAY MATINEE

October 2 - 3 - 4

The Distinguished Artist, Mr.

RICHARD GOLDEN

In his Charming Creation of

OLD JED PROUTY

of Bucksport, Maine

Under the Direction of CHAS. MacGEACHY.

As produced at Bucksport and Hollis St. Theater, Boston.

The Great Original Cast, including

DORA WILEY

"The Sweet Singer of Maine."

Sale of seats opens at the Box Office Tuesday, September 30, 10 a.m.

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Matinees Every Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday

Week Commencing Sept. 29

Agnes Wallace Villa

In Frank Harvey's Great Melo-Drama

The World Against Her

Popular Prices, 15c., 25c, 35c. & 50c.

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

Week October 6—Our American Stars

Ontario Jockey Club

Six Races, including Steeplechase, Saturday, September 27

FIRST RACE AT 2.30 P.M.

Badges for Sale at J. E. Ellis & Co.'s, cor. King and Yonge Streets

Members' cars leave Queen's Hotel at 1.30 p.m.
Return tickets 75c. each, to be obtained there from 1 p.m.

L. OGDEN, Secretary.

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Can procure neatly furnished apartments at 94 Gerrard St. East.

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Wears Undervests will be interested in hearing of the new "Health" brand, which over one hundred of the principal doctors in the Dominion have seen and most highly recommended. If they are not stamped plainly with the word "Health," you won't be buying the right article. Insist on seeing this mark. W. A. Murray & Co keep them

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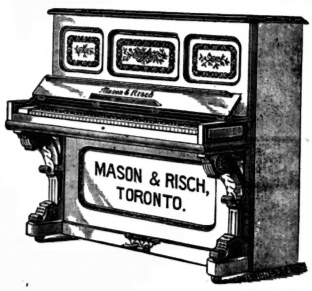

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CARD

I take much pleasure in intimating to my patrons and the public generally that I have just received my Fall and Winter importations, comprising Scotch and Irish Tweeds, Black and Fancy Worsteds for Suitings, Venetians, Beavers and Melton Overcoatings, and an exceptionally fine line of Trouserings which are now open, and would ask your early inspection.

The Fashionable West End Tailor,

HENRY A. TAYLOR.

119 King Street West.

Making the Fur Fly

as an expression indicative of push and enterprise fits in appropriately to

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THE FURRIER,

WHOSE STORE AT

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is filled with a stock of

Fur Capes, Storm Collars and Walking Jackets

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100 BUNDLES FOR $1.00

The Shannon Shingle Manufacturing Co.

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Manufacturers and Shippers of Shingles

DRESS GOODS

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MANTLES

McKEOWN & CO.

Have now opened out and invite inspection of their large importations of

NEW DRESS GOODS

Mantles, Silks, Plushes, Velveteens, Velvets, Mantle Cloths, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Corsets, etc., etc. Lowest Prices. Largest assortment yet shown.

Dress and Mantle Making. Special attention given to making Sealette Mantles.

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182 Yonge Street

MISS STEVENS

Invites the early inspection of her new and fashionable stock of

Millinery, Feathers Flowers

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Mourning Millinery a Specialty

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Opp. Holy Trinity Church, Toronto.

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334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

A grand assortment of the finest Egyptian Sponges from 5c. each for a very fine baby's own Sponge, worth 10c., and up to a large beautiful sponge for 21c, worth 40c.

Coal Scuttles are now wanted. Best made, handsomely painted and gold banded, ordinary size 19c., large, 24c., with funnel 35c.

A large assortment of splendid School Bags, 21c., worth 35c.; 24c., worth 40c., and 29c. worth 50c.

The finest Ink for office and schools is Barns' Ink, 4c. per bottle.

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Style is necessary for the successful treatment of a room. Working as we do in every branch of house decorating we are in a position to ensure correctness of style.

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Have purchased a manufacturer's stock of

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At a discount of 33 1-3c. off, which they have marked very low. Prices ranging from $15 to $75 per pair. Over fifty varieties to choose from. Purchasers can have from one to thirty pairs of a pattern. Also a lot of

OVER 2,000 PAIRS

LACE CURTAINS

At about half price. These goods are of the best quality.

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These will be found the greatest bargain they have ever offered. Expecting a speedy clearance of the above lots, an early call will be necessary.

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With all the Latest Novelties of the Season.

No 3 Rossin House Block,

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At Homes
Weddings
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Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTIÆ

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I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

OUR

Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75

BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.

Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

ALL GO FOR

$2.75

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CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dress Cutting Taught

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436½ Yonge St., Just South of College

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STOCKED TO OVERFLOWING WITH

NEW AUTUMN GOODS

Jackets in various styles, in Cloth or Serge, both in black and all new colors, including navy, terra cotta, browns, myrtle, etc., with Empire Sleeve and Stuart Collar.

ULSTERS, with separate capes, in Cloth or Serge, Velvet or Plush Empire Sleeve, in black, navy, fawns, myrtle, etc

DOLMANS, braided and applique, in Fine Satin Cloth, also Silk and Plush, with Matalasse Combination.

Direct from the best tailors in Germany, France and England, very cheap.

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33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

See particulars of our prize story competition on the editorial page (page 6). Do not be afraid to send in your contribution. If accompanied by your address an effort will be made to return you your manuscript, if rejected, though this is not promised.

Now that society ladies have returned from sea shore, lake and mountain after their summer vacation and are preparing themselves for the gaieties of the coming season they will be interested to learn that some of the most stylish costumes and millinery in town are being shown at the establishment of Messrs. W. Stitt & Co. Their goods are well selected and with a view to please the most fastidious taste. Mr. Stitt is now in New York for the purpose of studying and securing the most correct and artistic designs. He returns this week, and next week their patronesses should call and get the benefit of his new ideas.

The eyes can be fitted accurately with spectacles at Brown's, No. 110 Yonge street. No charge for testing the eyes.

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Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BOISSEAU—In New York, on September 18, Mrs. E. W. Boisseau—a daughter.
STUART—At Toronto, on September 18, Mrs. W. Stuart—a daughter.
GEDDES—At Toronto, on September 18, Mrs. Walter A. Gedden—a son.
COLE—At Ottawa, on September 16, Mrs. Francis Cole—a daughter.
BURNS—At Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island, on September 15, Mrs. J. F. Burns—a son.
GREEN—At Toronto, on September 17, Mrs. Charles Green—a son.
KAINS—At Victoria, B. C., on September 8, Mrs. Tom Kains—a daughter.
WALLACE—At Woodbridge, on September 22, Mrs. N. Clarke Wallace—a son.
BOLTON—At Toronto, on September 14, Mrs. J. W. Bolton of Rochester, N. Y.—a daughter.
HAZLITT—At Toronto, on August 30, Mrs. W. H. Hazlitt—a son.
KNEITL—At Stratford, on September 19, Mrs. E. J. Kneitl—a daughter.
PLUMMER—At Stratford, on September 19, Mrs. Thomas Plummer—a daughter.
PIRIE—At Dundas, on September 16, Mrs. A. F. Pirie—a son.
KENNEY—At Toronto, on September 21, Mrs. J. H. Kenney—a daughter.
SMITH—At Toronto, on September 23, Mrs. J. Austin Smith—a son.
HARRIS—At Toronto, on September 23, Mrs. Thomas Harris—a daughter.

Marriages.

SMITH—CROOKENDEN—At Toronto, on September 22, William Smith to Edith Jessie Crookenden.
DALES—DUNBAR—At Dunbarton, on September 17, John R. Dales, M.D., to Minnie Dunbar.
DWIGHT—LAIDLAW—At Victoria road P.O., Ont., on September 19, Lyman Dwight of Winnipeg to Katharine Mary Grieve Laidlaw of Toronto.
MILLER—ALEXANDER—At New York, on September 15, Rev. John Gumsby Miller, M.A., of St. Catharines, to Katherine Alexander of Santa Barbara, Cal.
FURGUSON—ARNOLD—At Toronto, on September 17, Re-nard Damer Turquand of Tilsonburg, to Bertha Arnold of Thornhill.
MORRIS—PARKER—At Hamilton, on September 17, Robert Simpson Morris to Jessie Corinne Parker.
HISLOP—HILLER—At Toronto, on September 20, John Clifford Hislop of London, to Carrie Marie Hiller of Philadelphia.
HINKSON—FARWELL—At Toronto, on September 18, Hon. George Hinkson of Amadore, Mich., to Saretta E. Farwell.
SMITH—GIANELLI—At Toronto, on September 23, W. Harley Smith, B.A., M.B., to Isabel Giane li.
SILLIMAN—MENEELLEY—At Toronto, on September 18, Ralph H. Silliman to Nellie E. Meneelley of Bradford, Ont.
TYBERG—SOMERVILLE—In Ancaster Township, on September 16, Oluff Tyberg of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Marjorie Marion Somerville.
RUTLEDGE—HAMLY—At Toronto, on June 11, William Rutledge of Toronto to Mary Hamly of Port Hope.
ALLAN—GAVIN—At Toronto, on September 24, John R. Allan to Sara E. Gavin.
ECKARDT—HARRINGTON—At Unionville, on September 23, Arthur Eckardt to Lily Harrington.
STARK—SMITH—At Toronto, on December 18, 1889, Will Stark to Bertha M. Smith.

Deaths.

MURCH—At Toronto, George Murch, aged 18 years.
MYERS—At Toronto, on September 21, Mrs. Anne Mason Myers, aged 78 years.
ROBERTS—At Toronto, Amy Roberts, aged 59 years.
SCOTT—At Toronto, on September 23, Minnie L. Scott.
BRYDON—At Mount Brydges, on September 17, Robert Brydon, aged 44 years.
LOUGHRED—At Toronto, John Loughred, aged 47 years.
LEYS—At Toronto, on September 15, Mrs. George Leys of Sarnia.
HAMILTON—At Toronto, on September 18, Mrs. Hannah Wilcox Hamilton, aged 79 years.
TAYLOR—At Toronto, on September 21, Helen Taylor, aged 78 years.
SMITH—At Toronto, John Smith, aged 79 years.
WATT—At Toronto, on September 24, Etta Mary Watt, aged 2 years.
ALMA—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on September 21, John Leon Alma, aged 91 years.
McMAHON—At Toronto, on September 21, Thomas W. McMahon, aged 46 years.
SMITH—At Toronto, on September 20, second son of Turnbull and Agnes Smith, aged 4 years.
JEWELL—At Cannington, on September 15, Mrs. Mary Jewell, aged 78 years.
BIRCHALL—At Toronto, on September 18, Frank Bingham Birchall, aged 13 years.
MELLISH—At Brantford, on September 20, Bertha C. Mellish, aged 23 years.
McLAREN—At Toronto, on September 21, Thomas McLaren, aged 56 years.
RYAN—At Toronto, on September 19, Patrick Ryan, aged 16 years.

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Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

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We are selling a
BEDROOM SUITE
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.
You should secure one of those plums.
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DIAMONDS.
At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.
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Manufacturing Jeweler
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Fashionable Furriers

Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Capes

FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, Etc.
J. & J. LUGSDIN
Manufacturers, - - 101 Yonge Street

A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived.

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Our Fall and Winter stock of Gloves are now opened up. They are from first hands direct to us, and a more choice assortment has never before been offered in this city.

Ladies' Black Cashmere Gloves, long jersey style, at 20c., 25c., 35c., 40c. and 50c. per pair.

Ladies' Extra Heavy Jersey Gloves, 13 and 14 inches long, at 40c. and 50c.

Ladies' Silk Fleece Lined Gloves, at 65c., 75c. and 85c. per pair.

Children's Black and Colored Cashmere Gloves, at 20c. and 25c., all sizes.

2 cases Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves in all sizes and shades, at 75c. per pair.

2 cases "Perrin's" Fine French Kid Gloves in every new shade and in two qualities, $1 and $1.25 per pair.

Gents' Kids, at $1, $1.25 and $1.35, qualities guaranteed and shades correct, at

R. SIMPSON'S
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

THIS WEEK

We opened our fall stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, the largest and finest selected stock in the West End, and sold at prices within the reach of all, and fit to wear in the factory or in the church. Beautifully assorted, well bought, and all guaranteed as represented. Have you ordered your overcoat yet?

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PROF. THOMAS'
ACADEMY
Late of 293 Yonge, has opened his new and elegant Academy, 244 Yonge street, corner of Louisa. Our new premises will allow us to give greater advantages this season, having three large rooms and Calisthenics Hall above the Academy, which will be devoted to the use of pupils. The latest American and English dances will be taught in rapid succession. Ladies' and gentlemen's classes now forming. The public are invited to come and view the delightful premises from 10 a.m. to 12 m., till further notice.

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GERMAN SAMPLE MANTLES
No Two Alike. New and Very Stylish

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A deposit of $2 will secure one. Come and have first choice.

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240 and 242 Yonge Street

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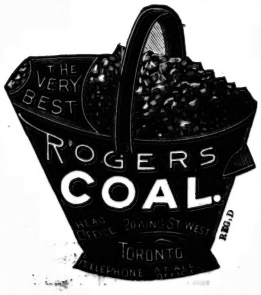

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